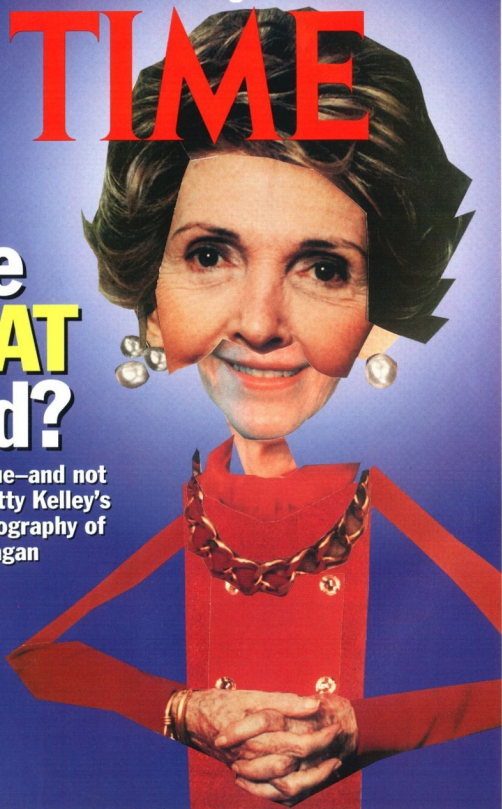


THE KURDS: Race Against Death

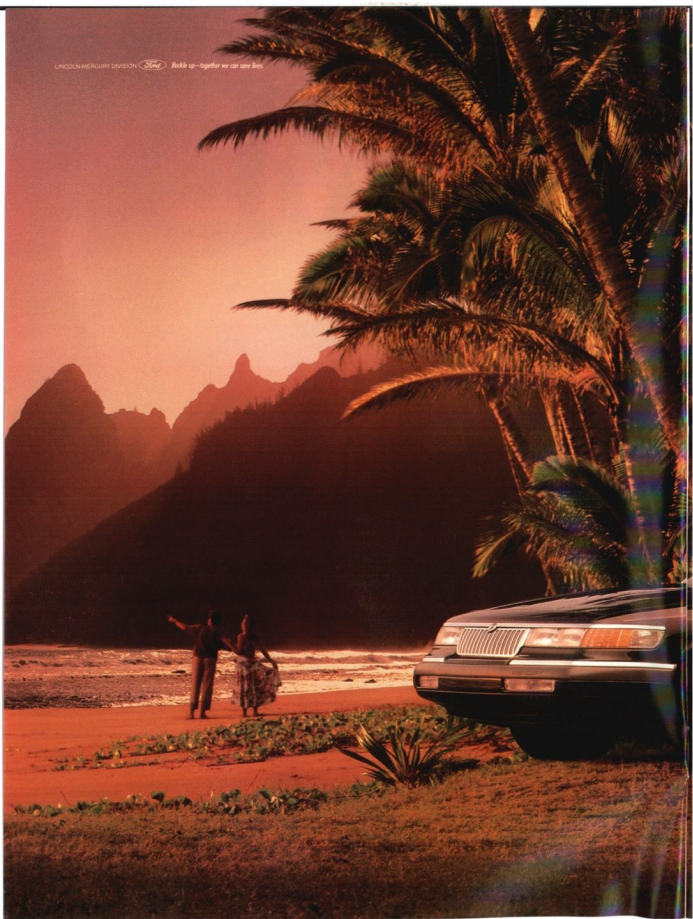
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Sanctuary, of a sort: crowded and exhausted but at least safe from exposure, Kurds sleep in a mosque in Piranshahr, Iran, after their harrowing flight from Iraq (see WORLD)



Vol. 137, No. 16

APRIL 22, 1991

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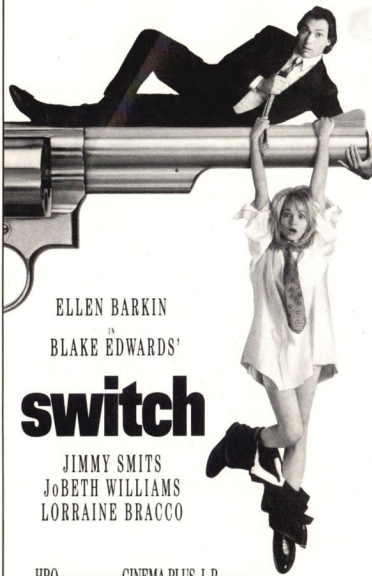
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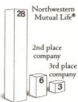
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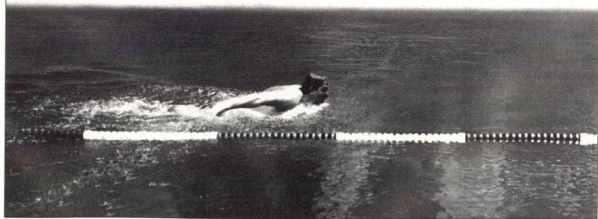
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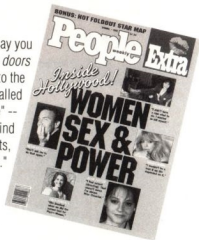
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LETTERS

LAW AND DISORDER

"When you give a man a badge and a gun, you give him power."

Donald W. Nicol
Eureka, Calif.



It is not entirely possible to avoid hiring as police officers individuals who will tend to abuse their authority by using excessive violence [NATION, April 1]. Better training can help. However, one thing is often overlooked: honorable police officers, who are in the majority, do themselves and the whole criminal-justice system a great disservice anytime they fail to speak out against acts of unwarranted violence by their colleagues.

Bill H. Hamilton
Summit, N.J.

The Los Angeles police promise "To Serve and Protect." After watching the latest display of brutality, I think their motto could be "To Harm and Enjoy."

Eduardo M. Tinoco
Burbank, Calif.

How could the beating of Rodney King be an isolated event? The odds against capturing it on videotape are enormous unless such occurrences are more common than we thought. And why did nobody ever hear racist communications between police officers before? Could it be that someone was listening and didn't care?

Rob Adelman
Westminster, Calif.



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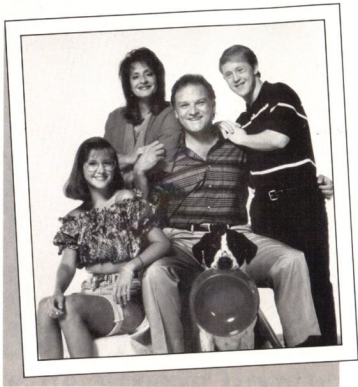
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LETTERS

When you give a man a badge and a gun, you give him power. When you give him power, you are likely to corrupt him and give him arrogance. Very few people are saintly enough to be immune. For their own good as well as that of others, all police, all peace officers, need to be monitored by an independent civilian authority.

*Donald W. Nicol
Eureka, Calif.*

Socially, the U.S. is not a developed nation, and if we are to have a chance of solving the crime problem, it is critical that we recognize this. Our GNP may be among the highest in the world, but by many social standards—homelessness, illiteracy, availability of health care, poverty, school dropout rates, drug usage, corruption in public office, deterioration of cities, infant mortality rates and crime—we do not begin to compare favorably with European countries or with Canada, Japan and Australia.

*Ian G. Child
Winter Haven, Fla.*

I do not condone police brutality, but if one knew, even vaguely, the stress that police officers endure each day, one would marvel at their restraint. One must not be too hasty to lash out at the police; they are the last bulwark between us and the jungle.

*Naomi W. Higginbotham
Phoenix*

To the Iraqi Dead

My thanks to Lance Morrow for suggesting a thought for the Iraqi casualties of the gulf war [ESSAY, April 1]. His article should have been titled "A Monument for the Dead," as it may be the only decent non-propaganda-oriented memorial the 100,000 dead Iraqis will ever receive.

*Marcus von Engel
San Luis Obispo, Calif.*

What a poignantly beautiful Essay on a much ignored aspect of the gulf war. Most of the postwar commentaries have been about victory over evil, democracy over tyranny, or the just and moral reasons for going to war. Few articles have so eloquently spoken of the death of so many innocents. The ragged hole left in the universe is in all our hearts.

*Nora Clayton
Santa Ana, Calif.*

Morrow's Essay, "A Moment for the Dead," was considered and thought provoking, but do such words make any headway against the brilliant photographs week after week that can't help propagandizing the might of arms? The final result of the news coverage is that the most carefully formulated warnings go unheard as the world surges to rearm.

*Alan Docwra
Breselenz, Germany*

LETTERS

Illiberal and Liberal Education

How interesting that William A. Henry III views the academic movement to uphold diversity in the curriculum as a trend toward intolerance [IDEAS, April 1]. The "excesses of multiculturalism" are a direct and long-overdue result of America's excesses of egocentrism. Encouraging the repressed and oppressed (minorities, gays and women) to gain self-esteem and dignity inevitably means that stridency will follow. The awkwardness of social reform may be disturbing initially, but how else can it be achieved?

*Helen Schwartz
Bremerton, Wash.*

Advocates of political correctness in the universities seek to perpetrate an illusion of parity through enforced dogma and a worship of mediocrity. This course flies not only in the face of the finest academic traditions but also in the face of all that we have learned in the brief history of democracies. If we truly seek to help the disadvantaged, we must do so by supporting the efforts of such people to meet life's challenges, not by providing false refuge. To do otherwise in the name of "dignity" can only weaken what we seek to strengthen and, in so doing, further widen the gulf between our most and least capable citizens.

*Carl N. Edwards
Dover, Mass.*

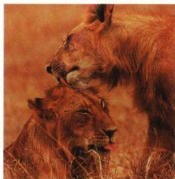
Bashing because of political correctness has become very popular among academics, administrators and students. While it may be true that course offerings are far from perfect at many campuses, no one is denying the importance of the classics of Western civilization. Colleges are simply offering a greater variety of courses for students to take. Classes in women's studies, black studies and other specialized subjects may be new, but that doesn't mean they are invalid. Times are changing, and so must the college curriculum. Western male-dominated politics, philosophy, history and literature have long monopolized the list of courses in our educational system. Now that we can finally acknowledge other perspectives, values and traditions in our universities, we should be celebrating. This openness is not a cause for great alarm, as Henry suggests, but is essential to true intellectual integrity.

*Aimée Sutton
South Hadley, Mass.*

In a university community, civility toward all people and respect for all individuals, regardless of race, ethnic background, gender or sexual preference, are highly desirable, but untrammelled intellectual inquiry and freedom of expression are absolutely essential. The fundamental business of universities is not to avoid giving offense; rather, the role of academe is

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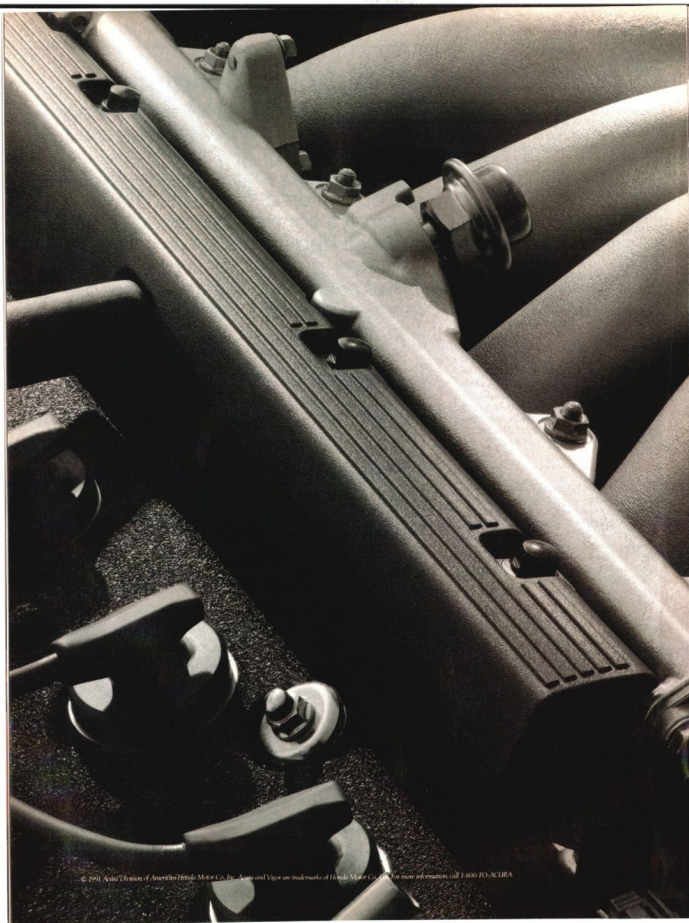
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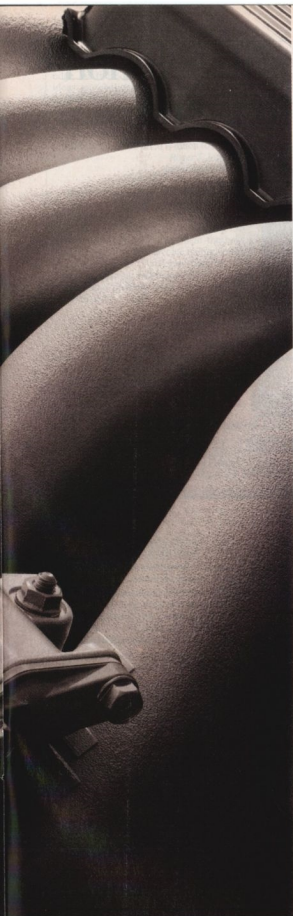
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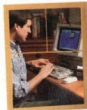
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LETTERS

to extend the frontiers of human knowledge. As these boundaries expand, as old ideas are challenged by new approaches, feelings may be hurt. If the cost of preventing offense to any group or individual is to limit the intellectual inquiry and freedom of expression that must lie at the heart of a university, then the price is much too high.

Roger T. Johnson
Manhattan, Kans.

Ponder the connection between those attempting to change academe and those crying foul. Women, people of color, homosexuals and lesbians are challenging the white patriarchy for inclusion in the bastions of power and for a voice in intellectual considerations. They are trying to be heard in ways that will indeed threaten the comfortable privilege held for so long by white males.

Susan Nance
Bowling Green, Ohio

After 10 years of teaching abroad, I have decided to return to the States. When I left the U.S., most announcements of academic vacancies ended with the assurance that the university was an equal-opportunity employer. Now they commonly add, "Women and minorities are encouraged to apply." This can only mean that I, a white male, am not encouraged to apply.

Gary Kissick
Oxford, England

Saving the Daily News

Bravo to bold British entrepreneur Robert Maxwell for saving the New York Daily News from its certain oblivion [PRESS, March 25]. Maxwell's magnificent maneuver has generously saved the livelihoods of many of the people involved. I could not help wondering what bashing a Japanese firm might have incurred if it had bought this beleaguered newspaper, what racial remarks and hand wringing because the Japanese had bought off another piece of corporate America.

Nick Rasnak
South Bound Brook, N.J.

You summarized the *Daily News* strike as if the unions had made one all-or-nothing offer and then refused to budge until Maxwell charmed us out of the trees. The unions of the Allied Printing Trades Council offered dozens of contract proposals and counterproposals over the past year while the company refused to negotiate in specifics unless we virtually gave away all means of representation for the workers. Maxwell has a commitment to bring back union members as the paper prospers. He understands the collective-bargaining process. The unions and Maxwell made reasoned decisions that will enhance the stability and morale of the newspaper's work force. The most obvious lesson of the strike

was that the union-led ad and consumer boycotts were decisive in breaking the News's public strategy to publish the paper without its unions.

George E. McDonald, President
Allied Printing Trades Council
of Greater New York
New York City

Corrections

Our description of the return home of members of the service from the gulf [NATION, March 18] included an inaccurate quote from Carlos Melendrez of San Francisco. Although he is a veteran of the Vietnam era, Mr. Melendrez did not claim to have served in the Vietnam War. He did not say he had changed out of his uniform. He was referring to the experiences of other veterans who had served in Vietnam. Mr. Melendrez did not say that he, or any veteran, had reason to be ashamed of his uniform. TIME regrets the error.

The story describing New York Senator Daniel Patrick Moynihan's proposal to cut Social Security taxes [NATION, April 1] was illustrated with a chart comparing what different income groups would pay under the current law with what they would pay under the terms of the Moynihan proposal, which would affect only half the year. The proposed tax cut for those earning \$100,000 was shown incorrectly. Rather than an increase in payments for 1991, there would be a decrease under the Moynihan plan.

Intellectual Battles

Our report on the trend toward "political correctness" for curriculums in American schools [IDEAS, April 1] has brought in more than 95 letters so far, about a quarter of them from college campuses. Of the readers who wrote, 51.5% protested the idea of P.C. courses, while 40% supported the concept, and 8.5% were neutral.

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PS/1

INTERVIEW

A "Race Man" Argues for a Broader Curriculum

HENRY LOUIS GATES JR. wants W.E.B. Dubois, Wole Soyinka and Phillis Wheatley on the nation's reading lists, as well as Western classics like Milton and Shakespeare

By **BREENA CLARKE**
and **SUSAN TIFFT** DURHAM

Q. You advocate something you call a multi-cultural curriculum in American education. What does that mean?

A. What I advocate is a more truly diverse notion of excellence. What we've done is exclude the best that's been thought by everybody but this slender sliver of people who happen in the main to be white males.

Now, I wouldn't want to get rid of anything in that tradition. I think the Western tradition has been a marvelous, wonderful tradition. But it's not the only tradition full of great ideas. And I'm not talking about any diminishment of standards. Even by the most conservative notion of what is good and bad, we will find excellence in other cultures, like the great Indian cultures, the great Chinese cultures, the great African cultures.

But this notion of calling a regional Anglo-American culture the world's only great culture was a mechanism of social, economic and political control. We have to expose that, critique it and move on, because it's a new world. We can either be rooted in the 19th century or we can blast off to a whole new millennium.

Q. You describe yourself as a "race man." What is that?

A. In the black tradition it's like being a Talmudic scholar, a person of letters who writes about African-American culture.

Q. Do you advocate an Afrocentric curriculum?

A. How I feel about Afrocentricity depends on what is meant. If you mean, as some people do, that you have to be black to teach black studies, or that no white person could ever be a professor of African-American studies, I think that's ridiculous. It's as ridiculous as if someone said I couldn't appreciate Shakespeare because I'm not Anglo-Saxon. I think that it's vulgar and racist no matter whether it comes out of a black mouth or a white mouth.

Q. Milwaukee announced that it intends to set up two schools that will cater to the needs of black boys, in the hope that it will help them succeed academically.

A. I think that's ridiculous.

Q. Is it the sex segregation or the race segregation that bothers you?

A. Both. I understand the impulse. But I don't think that solves the problem. I think it will reinforce the problem. I don't see why there should be a boys' or a girls' school in the first place. I would never send my daughters to an all-girls school or an all-black school, not if I could help it. This is America. This is not Nigeria. It's made up of all these different cultural strains, and I want them to know about that.

Q. So what's the answer?

A. The image of success is wrong. I read an article recently that said that one of the things that was "acting white" for black high school kids in Washington was going to the Smithsonian. Fewer things have made me more depressed than that about the state of black America. When I drive to my house and go through the black neighborhood that's between two white neighborhoods, I don't see black kids packing books at 5 o'clock. They have a basketball, and they're going down to the courts. We have to change the erroneous assumption that you have a better chance of being Magic Johnson than you do of being a brain surgeon. There are more black

lawyers than black professional athletes.

Q. Some music critics say 2 Live Crew is mediocre rap, yet during their obscenity trial, you testified that their lyrics were comparable to Shakespeare's.

A. In no way did I compare 2 Live Crew to Shakespeare! When I was asked if there were instances of lewd language in Western literature, I cited a few obvious examples: Chaucer, Shakespeare, Joyce. This observation shows that lewd language isn't ipso facto proof of obscenity. But that's all it shows.

Q. You also said their lyrics were an example of parody.

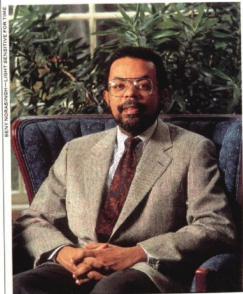
A. My interpretation could be totally wrongheaded, but it's what I honestly believe. And I have taken an incredible amount of flak for it. Nothing I've ever done has attracted as much hate mail as my testimony for 2 Live Crew.

Much of the album is obscene and misogynistic. To me Luther Campbell's performance made black macho seem silly, made it seem unattractive. It's never an easy question to distinguish between parody and the thing that's being parodied. Like Archie Bunker. Did Archie Bunker critique racism or did he reinforce racism? It's an open question.

Q. Andrew Dice Clay, a white, is probably just as offensive as 2 Live Crew, but he wasn't put on trial. Why is that?

A. I'm convinced that 2 Live Crew's album was seen as peculiarly inflammatory because black people are seen as peculiarly inflammable. The image is that young black men are like dry tinder waiting for an idle spark to set them off. And if they get that idle spark, they'll go wilding. I'm sure that if the same lyrics had come out of virile-looking young white boys, they would

"How I feel about Afrocentricity depends on what is meant. If you mean, as some people do, that you have to be black to teach black studies, or that no white person could ever be a professor of African-American studies, I think that's ridiculous."



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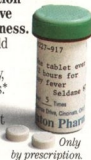


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INTERVIEW
never have been prosecuted in the same way.

Q. You have spent most of your adult life in the North and moved South only a year ago. Now that you are about to return North to teach at Harvard, do you have any observations about the difference in race relations between the two regions?

A. Relations are worse in the South because the bottom-line historical experience was slavery. In the North it was abolition. A black person is not at the same place societally in the North and in the South for that very reason.

Here I was the first black person to live in my immediate neighborhood. I came home one day and a brick mason, who was black, was redoing the walk. And I said hello. And he said, "Can I help you?" with a bit of hostility in his voice. And I said, "You are helping me. You're fixing my walk." And he looked dumbfounded and said, "Is this your house?" And I said, "Yeah." And he said, "Do the white people know that you bought this house?" I said, "Of course!" And he said, "Of course. I bet they know all about you." And we both busted out laughing, like I'd been checked out. On the whole I'd rather live in the North than in the South.

Q. Only 3% of the nation's college faculty members are black. What can be done to get more into the pipeline?

A. A wonderful thing happens when you encounter images of your cultural self in a book at an early age. That happened to me at 14 when an Episcopal priest gave me James Baldwin's *The Fire Next Time*. I felt like Baldwin was naming me in a way that I didn't even know I needed to be named. It changed my life. That's where I first got the inkling that I might want to be a scholar, to serve my people through print. How could anybody deny—left, right or center—the importance of that experience in shaping a young intellect? What we have to do is change the curriculum so that that experience of identification can occur for people who are not Anglo-Saxon.

Q. Everybody agrees that black kids today need healthy role models. Who are your nominees?

A. Among the people I like to think of as useful role models are author-educator W.E.B. Dubois, civil rights activist Mary Church Terrell, Nigerian playwright Wole Soyinka, South African leader Nelson Mandela, novelist Toni Morrison. And poet Phillis Wheatley: she was a genius. She learned English when she was about seven, and by the age of 15 she was publishing poems as sophisticated as any American who was publishing in the 18th century. We need to make that common knowledge, as common as the fact that Michael Jordan can do the triple quadruple backward dunk. And it's not.

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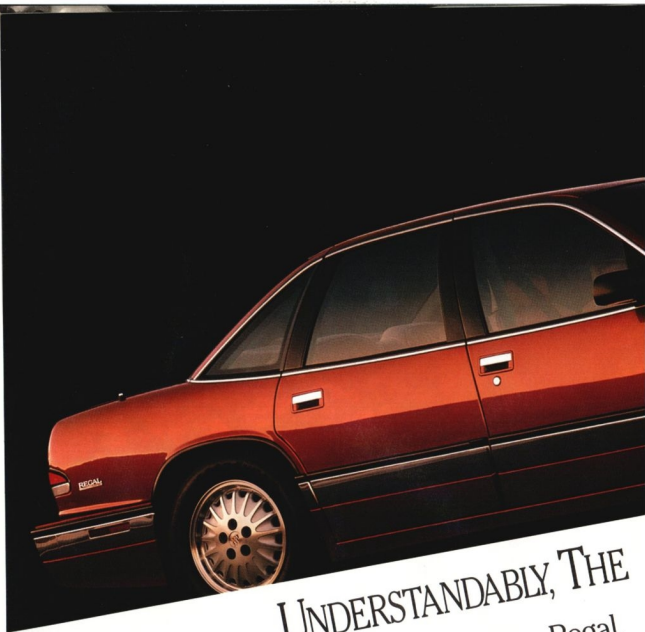
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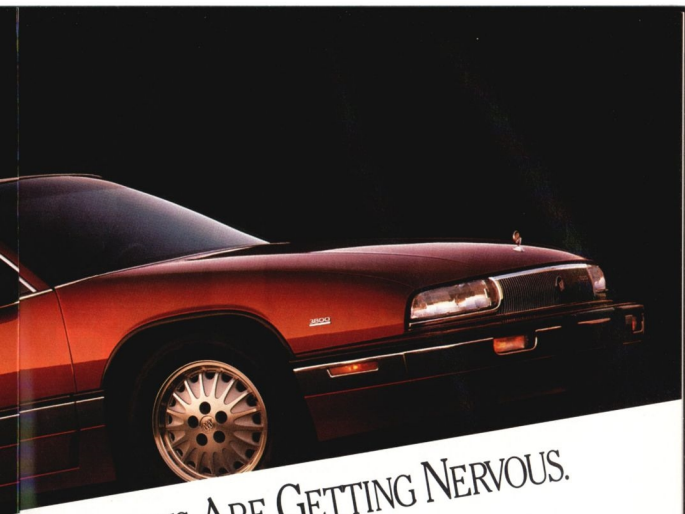
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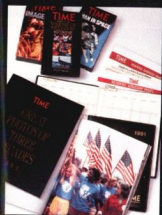
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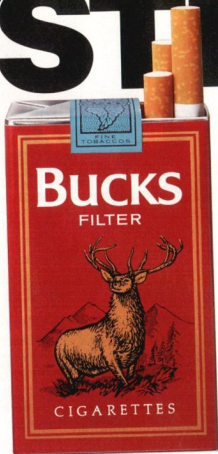
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GRAPEVINE

By DAVID ELLIS / Reported by Sidney Urquhart



Sunni and Shi'ite Muslims, set up training sites as a base for infiltrating Iraq. The Saudis are "much more committed to overthrowing Saddam Hussein than the allies are," says Muwafaq al-Rubai of the Shi'ite al-Dawa party.

Finally Ready To Graduate?

The energetic new team at the Education Department is pushing George Bush to deliver on his 1988 campaign promise to improve America's schools. In a speech this week, the President is expected to unveil a 44-point plan to boost overall standards by the end of the decade. Education Secretary Lamar Alexander has persuaded Bush to call for a new core curriculum in math, the sciences, history and English. To make sure all states meet basic requirements, there would be national testing of every schoolchild in the fourth, eighth and 12th grades. Bush is expected once again to

Hush-Hush Hospitality

Iraqi opposition leaders say the Saudis are working on a secret deal to help overthrow Saddam Hussein. Makeshift camps have been set up near Saudi and Kuwaiti border towns for thousands of Shi'ite refugees. While the world's attention is focused on the tragedy of the Kurds, Saudi Crown Prince Abdullah has agreed in principle to let anti-Saddam Iraqis, mostly

endorse a proposal to give parents a choice of schools for their children and a plan to hold teachers more accountable. Both are long-standing elements of the Republican education platform, and in their current form have been opposed by teachers' unions.

Scribble, Scribble, Scribble, Eh, Mrs. T.?

Margaret Thatcher once confidently predicted that her political reign would "go on and on." Now chafing in forced retirement, the former British Prime Minister apparently intends to apply that philosophy to the writing of her memoirs. Thatcher is talking about dividing her life story into three or four volumes, more than potential U.S. publishers hope to see—or sell. Perhaps the Iron Lady wishes to continue emulating her idol Winston Churchill, who wrote more than two dozen books during his lifetime.

Busy, Busy, Busy, Eh, Senator K.?

When reporters questioned Ted Kennedy last Tuesday about the alleged rape on the family estate in Florida, he said he was too busy to answer because of his tight legislative schedule. But the Massachusetts Democrat failed to show up for an important hearing before the Judiciary Committee, on which he serves. The subject: violence against women. Committee members cited the fact that a woman is raped every six minutes in the U.S.

Cleveland Dreamin'

Al Gore has plans to dawdle in Cleveland, which has Democratic insiders buzzing that he's moving closer to a presidential bid. When the Democratic Leadership Council convenes in the city May 5-7, most would-be candidates will simply drop in for a few hours of standard specifiying, handshaking and smiley-faced photo ops. The Tennessee Senator aims to spend two full days at the confab, energetically schmoozing with rich donors and story-starved journalists. His game plan: remind fellow party mem-

bers that he voted for war with Iraq, and deliver a pithy speech on nascent campaign issues.

Onward, Christian Rockers

The new Archbishop of Canterbury apparently has a tin ear for diplomatic language. The Rev. George Carey, who will be formally installed this Friday, told an interviewer, "The idea that only a male can represent Christ on the altar is a



most serious heresy." The comment prompted protests from Anglican traditionalists, who vehemently oppose the ordination of women. Carey apologized, but the furor had barely subsided when he declared that his enthronement would feature a brief selection of songs accompanied by bass guitar, synthesizer and saxophone. The notion of the ancient ceremony being interrupted by 20th century sounds has scandalized the church's right wing. Huffs Donald Webster, a Fellow of the Royal College of Organists and one of Britain's leading hymnologists: "When you have popular music in the service, it lowers the tone."

VOX POP

From what you know of Nancy Reagan: An Unauthorized Biography by Kitty Kelley, which of these words describes the book?

Trashy	62%
Disrespectful	59%
Vicious	49%
Accurate	17%
A "must read"	16%

From a telephone poll of 1,000 American adults taken for TIME, CNN and ABC, Feb. 13 by the Harrisburg Election Services. Sampling error is plus or minus 3%. Multiple responses allowed.

The First-Pitch Scorecard

It's the season for heroes and dignitaries to throw out the ceremonial first ball at opening games. Practice doesn't always make perfect: former Yale first baseman George Bush muffed his toss last week. A comparative look at the first-pitch performances:



FROM THE PUBLISHER

Journalism has tended to redefine itself in time of war. Radio covered World War II with unprecedented immediacy; television did the same in Vietnam a generation later. Now, in a less dramatic but still significant way, computer technology is getting into the act, and I'm proud to say that TIME is heavily involved. This week we, together with our corporate cousins at Warner New Media in Los Angeles, are releasing a history of the Persian Gulf war that combines text, images and audio accounts of the conflict—on a tiny 5-in. disc.

The technology is called CD-ROM, for compact-disc read-only memory, and the disc can be "played," with the help of an attachment costing \$400 to \$900, on most personal computers. The TIME newsdisc, titled *Desert Storm—The War in the Persian Gulf*, will include TIME stories and charts, scores of unpublished photographs, sound recorded from radio and TV, and files from our correspondents in the field. Users can call up different pieces of information at the click of a mouse. Says executive editor Dick Duncan: "It gives the reader-viewer a first raw cut of history."

Duncan and Warner New Media president Stan Cornyn initially conceived of putting the war on CD-ROM on Jan. 17, and within 24 hours Warner producer Linda Rich was in New York, collecting material and introducing our staff to the world of multimedia digital publishing. Working with TIME director of development David McGowan and researcher Nina Barrengos, she

JAMES KENNEDY FOR TIME



TIME's Barrengos and McGowan gathered material for the newsdisc

"It gives the reader-viewer a first raw cut of history."

drew up a plan for the disc, began conversion of files and war photos to computer format and even tapped deputy chief of correspondents Barrett Seaman's telephone line to the gulf. In one conversation between Seaman and correspondent Scott MacLeod, the reporter explains that he hopes to drive into bomb-ravaged Baghdad—where CNN's Peter Arnett has promised him the use of his telephone line. But in exchange for phone privileges, Arnett wants 25 gal. of gasoline. The two men calmly discuss the wisdom of carrying a carload of explosive fuel into the heart of a virtual fire storm. "It certainly gives you a sense of the danger involved," says McGowan.

The disc is available in computer stores for \$39.99.

Robert L. Miller




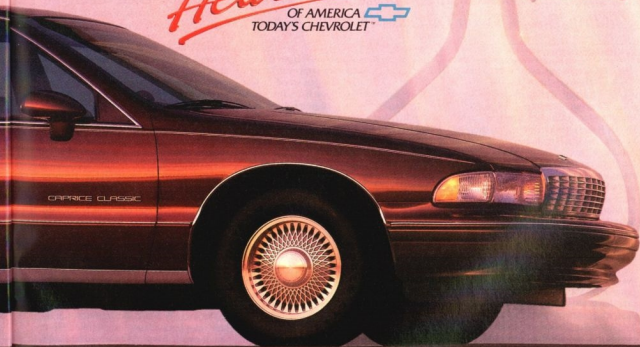
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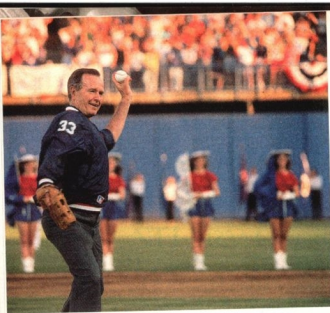
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TIME/APRIL 22, 1991

Back to Reality

As Americans focus again on problems at home, Bush's approval rating is falling. But that won't necessarily help Democrats.

By RICHARD LACAYO

No role was ever so becoming to George Bush as the one he played during the war against Iraq: resolute and successful Commander in Chief of America's armed forces. It was an opportunity that came just in time. After a long honeymoon with the American people, the President's baffling flip-flops on taxes and a gathering recession caused his approval rating to fall to a so-so 53% by last autumn. The buildup to war followed by the breathtaking weeks of combat made Americans forget all that. Soon after Kuwait was liberated in February, Bush's popularity rocketed to an unprecedented 86%. Democrats could only gape in awe at his upward trajectory.

But now the euphoria is wearing thin. As the troops head back to the U.S., misgivings about the nation and its future have also come marching home. A TIME/CNN survey conducted last week by Yankelovich Clancy Shulman indicates trends that are not totally unexpected but are nonetheless significant: Bush's popularity is eroding and the public is increasingly concerned about the economy. Democrats may want to think twice before

conceding the 1992 election in advance.

The TIME/CNN poll shows Bush still enjoying an extraordinary approval rate of 76%—even Ronald Reagan stood at just 38% at a comparable point in his first term. But that represents a 10-point drop from March 7, one week after American and allied troops rolled into Kuwait City. White House officials took the dip in stride, claiming that they never put too much stock in the President's incredible postwar approval ratings and had always expected them to settle down to more realistic levels. "When he was at 70% it was great," said an official last week. "But 90% was just plain silly."

Even so, growing concerns about domestic problems were starting to deflate Bush's gulf war bubble. Fears about the economy in particular were appearing increasingly nettlesome for the White House. Nearly half those questioned on March 7 said they thought the economy was in "fairly good" shape. By last week that number was down to 36%. At the same time, those who thought it was in "poor" condition had risen from 38% to 46%.

Though there are a few glimmers of hope for economic recovery—housing starts in February were up 16.4% over the

previous month—the present pain is nearer at hand. Unemployment went to 6.8% last month, up from 5.2% in June. All around the country, cities and states are contemplating new taxes and making painful cuts into budget funds for schools, police and other government services. Every time a bank totters or an S&L tumbles or an insurance company collapses into bankruptcy, a shudder goes through the nation. The old concerns about Bush's feckless approach to domestic issues are beginning to reappear. "The serious problems haven't been addressed," says Houston lawyer Patrick Dugan, a Bush supporter who usually votes Republican. "The deficit, S&Ls, plummeting real estate. People were scared during the war. All the Saddam rhetoric, they focused on that. Now all of a sudden, the problems are back and they're big, big, big."

Still the picture is not entirely gloomy. The gulf war offered evidence of skillful American leadership and successful U.S. technology. To some, Bush's success in the gulf raised confidence in his potential on the domestic front. "He seemed like a different person during the war," says Watertown, Mass., elementary school principal John Degnan. "He took tough positions and held to them." Concludes George

Photographs for TIME by Derek Halstead



Browning, an accountant in the La Canada-Flintridge suburb of Los Angeles: "He's no longer the wuss he once was. The war did close the books on that."

White House aides point out that even as Bush focused on the gulf war, he did not neglect his domestic responsibilities. Since January, they note, he has laid the groundwork for a new banking plan, a new energy plan and a reduction in the number of military bases around the country, and has begun a big push for a free-trade zone for North America. This week he is scheduled to unveil a much anticipated national education strategy. Even before his popularity began to sag, Bush knew that he would have to attempt at least some domestic leadership in order to keep Democratic challengers at bay in 1992.

In the international arena, however, Bush must be careful not to squander the political capital gained in the gulf war. Images of the President bonefishing in Florida while he formulated his slow and equivocal reaction to Saddam Hussein's crackdown on the Kurds have already raised some doubts. Bush also declared that progress on the Arab-Israeli question would be a priority immediately after the war ended. But during his trip to the region last week, Secretary of State James Baker made the kind of microscopic progress that is typical of movement through that quagmire.

"What's back in the picture is the wimp factor," observes Robert Dallek, a professor of American political history at the University of California, Los Angeles. "We had a hand in creating these problems. Now President Bush is pulling back. It raises questions once again in people's minds as to what kind of strength he has as a leader." In part perhaps to thwart such

criticisms, Bush last week ordered the U.S. military to take charge of relief efforts for Kurdish refugees in northern Iraq.

Democrats were quick to make the most of the poll results. "The public focus has changed from the situation in the gulf to our challenges back home," declared Democratic national chairman Ron Brown. "The 1992 presidential campaign will be decided on kitchen-table issues because Americans are concerned about their economic well-being." For weeks Tennessee Senator Albert Gore, a likely Democratic contender, has been

He's no Nolan Ryan: Bush throws the first ball at the Rangers game last week in Arlington, Texas

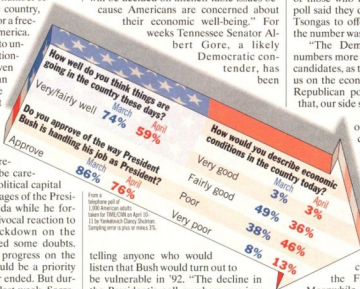
two contenders, who so far seem weightless: Virginia Governor Douglas Wilder and former Massachusetts Senator Paul Tsongas. When asked about their attitudes toward some Democratic candidates, 74% of those who took part in the TIME/CNN poll said they did not know enough about Tsongas to offer a judgment. For Wilder the number was only slightly better, 69%.

"The Democrats could drive these numbers more if they had a few aggressive candidates, as they did in 1988, hammering us on the economy," says Linda DiVall, a Republican pollster. "In the absence of that, our side sets the agenda."

The dearth of serious opposition, should it persist, could be Bush's greatest asset as he seeks to win a second term. The problem the Democrats face is neatly expressed by Barbara Kantorowicz of Shoreview, Minn., a single mother who ended nine years on welfare last year when she started work for a local social-service organization, the Family Violence Network.

Meanwhile, her own day-to-day financial struggle goes on. "I'm struggling just as much as when I was on welfare," she sighs. Would she vote again for George Bush, as she did in 1988? Maybe. "There's no better person in sight," she shrugs. "Democrat or Republican." Now that Bush has begun to appear vulnerable, perhaps one or two more formidable challengers will decide to take him on.

—Reported by Laurence I. Barrett/Washington, Marc Hequet/St. Paul and James Willwerth/Los Angeles



telling anyone who would listen that Bush would turn out to be vulnerable in '92. "The decline in the President's poll numbers was inevitable," he says. "Real take-home pay after taxes is lower today than it was in 1959, the year before John Kennedy called for America to get moving again."

Democrats, however, are poorly positioned to exploit the tiny cracks in Bush's armor. To do that, the party needs attention-getting spokesmen who can make a persuasive case against the Administration. But no leading Democrat has yet dared accept the challenge of running against Bush. The party has fielded just

A Catfish That Oinks . . .

. . . and other tales of how Congress wastes money on pork-barrel projects

By HAYS GOREY WASHINGTON

As always, there were howls of outrage in Congress last week when the Pentagon unveiled the list of military bases it wants to phase out or scale down in order to save \$850 million. Angry lawmakers protested that the closings would cause irreparable economic harm to their districts and vowed to thwart them. But since none of the bases is considered essential to national defense, they fall into the category of pork: dubious spending programs that Congressmen support to curry favor with the folks back home.

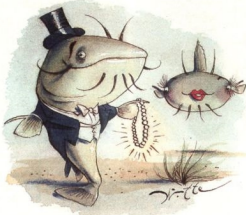
Not all pork, however, comes wrapped in a khaki uniform. The federal budget is larded with highly questionable nonmilitary projects that receive lavish funding while more urgent national needs like fighting infant mortality and improving education are strapped for cash. None of the individual programs is large enough to worsen the \$318 billion deficit significantly. But lumped together, the plethora of porcine projects adds huge sums to federal outlays. Freshman Republican Senator Bob Smith of New Hampshire has been combing the budget for examples of nondefense pork, specifically projects that were never voted or debated but somehow were slipped into appropriations bills. Among the squealers he has unearthed:

The Subway Steal

SPONSOR: Unknown

COST: \$6 MILLION

Why the sparkling underground railway that ferries Senators back and forth between their offices and the Capitol should be converted into a nonstop people mover remains a mystery. Built in 1912, the subway was completely refurbished in 1958; the current plan is to create a "loop" of cars that run slowly but continuously so people can step on and off. But the old system is in no evident need of repair. Perhaps that is why no Senator will admit sponsoring this expenditure, which was added to the appropriation bill of the Senate Appropriations Committee's legislative-branch subcommittee at a session during which no recorded vote of the members was taken.



Feeding the Fish

SPONSOR: Senator Dale Bumpers, Democrat of Arkansas

COST: \$2.7 MILLION

Bumpers' staff explains that the Senator has a deep interest in aquaculture. The money is to be used for construction and renovations at the catfish farm in Stuttgart, Ark. Why should the Federal Government dole out funds to an industry that is already flourishing because of the surge in interest in simple down-home cooking? Because Bumpers, who has been in the Senate since 1974, is likely to run for another term in 1994.



The Bicycle Bonanza

SPONSOR: Congressman Martin Sabo, Democrat of Minnesota

COST: \$1 MILLION

Sabo wants to know why more people don't ride bicycles to work. The appropriation he sponsored will fund a Department of Transportation study of the nonrider-ship problem. That investigation might discover that traffic lanes specifically designated for bicycles, more courtesy from motorists, an increased number of theft-proof places to park bicycles, and promotional campaigns pointing out the environmental and health benefits could encourage the use of two-wheelers. Sabo doesn't ride a bicycle. But his two daughters, who do, probably could tell him as much as a high-priced DOT study.





The Tree Caper

SPONSOR: Congressman
Neal Smith,
Democrat of Iowa

COST: \$15 MILLION

Planting trees is a good idea, since they not only are beautiful but also can help ward off global warming by draining carbon dioxide from the atmosphere. But why should the Federal Government spend \$15 million (plus \$30 million annually over the next three years) to plant 50,000 trees on land owned by local governments, an expense that seems more appropriate for state and local governments? That question baffles Neal Smith. "Are you for tree planting or not?" he asks, with some exasperation. "This project is in everyone's interest. Grants go to all the states, not just Iowa. It's a conservation and beautification program that is very much worthwhile. I always thought 'pork' was what went to somebody else's district."

Solomonic Spending

SPONSOR: Congressman
Stephen Solarz,
Democrat of New York

COST: \$5 MILLION

The money is for a new building to replace the 50-year-old Quonset hut in which the Parliament of the Solomon Islands has been meeting. Solarz says the building will give "tangible support for democracy in

that part of the world." A noble purpose, but why was the appropriation tucked into a spending bill titled "Procurement for the United States Navy"? Solarz's explanation: he considers the new building to be a monument to the American G.I.s who perished in the World War II battle of Guadalcanal.

Burnishing Biscayne

SPONSOR: Congresswoman
Ileana Ros-Lehtinen,
Republican of Florida

COST: \$1.36 MILLION

The money will pay for "preliminary engineering" on a project to turn Miami's Biscayne Boulevard into "an exotic garden for people to enjoy the richness of city life," with 90-ft.-wide medians sculpted with tropical plants, broad sidewalks and miles of brick walkways. Why Miami doesn't raise the funds locally was not explained.



Polishing the Apple

SPONSOR: Congressman
Bob Traxler,
Democrat of Michigan

COST: \$94,000

As a veteran member of the Appropriations and Agriculture committees, Traxler has a reputation for bringing home the bacon. A case in point: this appropriation, which will fund research on methods of cutting losses in the handling and shipping of apples, thus benefiting consumers to whom such losses are passed along. Though no apples are grown in Traxler's district, Michigan's apple crop ranks third among the states and earns about \$75 million annually. Says Traxler: "I'm proud of the program."

Mom-in-Law's House

SPONSOR: Congressman
Ralph Regula,
Republican of Ohio

COST: \$320,000

Though Ohio has many memorials to William McKinley, Regula says the purchase of the 25th President's wife's parents' home is justified because the house McKinley was born in has been destroyed. After all, he did reside there for a few years, and maintaining it will not cost the government a penny because the house will be turned over to private groups that will finish restoring it. Regula says it is merely a coincidence that he graduated from a law school named after—you guessed it—William McKinley.

The Gym Grab

SPONSOR: Unknown
COST: \$25,000

The money will pay for a study to determine where a new workout facility for congressional staff members should be located. They are not eligible to use the lawmakers' lavishly equipped private gym. Like the Senate subway bill, this expenditure was approved in a session of the legislative subcommittee of the House Appropriations Committee, with no recorded vote. Weeks of efforts to discover the identity of the sponsor have been fruitless. It may be a Congressman whose staff members are out of shape. How much the gym itself will cost has yet to be determined.



Global Warming: A New Warning

A report on the greenhouse effect could prod the White House clique that wants to go slow on protecting the environment

By RICHARD LACAYO

It may not be easy to determine if the greenhouse effect is causing a worldwide rise in global temperatures, but the heated atmosphere around the White House has been unmistakable whenever that topic—or any other environmental question—was raised. From the earliest days of the Bush Administration, there has been heavy friction between William Reilly, director of the Environmental Protection Agency, and a White House faction led by White House chief of staff John Sununu and Budget Director Richard Darman, who are apt to see red when they hear the word green. For them, policies designed to protect the environment look like brakes on economic growth and therefore should be implemented cautiously, if they are put into effect at all.

Last week a panel of the National Academy of Sciences issued a long-awaited report on global warming—the theory that a buildup of carbon dioxide and other so-called greenhouse gases in the atmosphere is causing temperatures to climb, threatening crops and coastal areas that could be drowned under rising oceans if the polar ice caps melt. Though both sides could find some support for their positions in the study, its findings and recommendations could prod the go-slow faction in the White House.

While acknowledging that predictions of global warming are highly uncertain, the panel insists that should not be used as an excuse for delaying action to lessen its possible effects. The panel concluded there is a "reasonable chance" that by the middle of the next century global temperatures will rise anywhere from 2° F to 9° F. That threat, the panel declared, is "sufficient to justify action now."

Then the panel laid out the action it wants, the first time a scientific body has issued recommendations on the subject. Basically, they add up to taking out what the panel called "insurance" against the worst-case scenario of global warming. Among other things, the commission urged the White House to toughen the inadequate energy plan that it unveiled

in February. To achieve a 30% increase in automobile fuel efficiency, the panel called for "tax incentives" or regulation, the latter a notion that makes the President flinch. The report also suggested raising overall automobile mileage standards from the current level of 27.5 to 32.5 m.p.g. The President has so far resisted that move, though members of the



EPA chief William Reilly aboard oil platform in the Gulf of Mexico

A scientific panel insists that uncertainty about climbing temperatures should not be an excuse for delaying action to lessen its possible effects

panel met with him privately at the White House last week to urge the idea.

The report brushed aside claims, many emanating from the White House, that reducing greenhouse emissions would be wildly expensive and a blow to economic growth. In February the Administration trotted out estimates that energy-tax increases of as much as \$250 for each ton of removed gases would be needed to curb emissions significantly. To the contrary, the panel estimated that reduction of between 10% and 40% in greenhouse emissions could be achieved by doing such comparatively simple things as making buildings and power plants more energy efficient at little or no cost to the economy.

The faction led by Darman and Sunu-

nu, however, could point with satisfaction to some parts of the study. For example, the commission declined to recommend explicit target dates or percentage goals for the reduction of CO₂ emissions. Such steps, which have been taken by most European nations, are firmly opposed by the Administration. Moreover, the U.S. has already adopted some of the other measures that the report urges, including investing in global climate research (to the tune of \$1 billion) and planting millions of trees that can become storehouses for CO₂. Though Bush undertook those actions for other reasons, they double as defenses against global warming. The panel also used a cost-benefit analysis that takes into account the price of implementing its recommendations, an approach that Darman and Sununu favor.

The report's main benefit could be to reinforce a new spirit of cooperation between the sniping Administration factions. Last year Reilly won a major victory when Congress passed the Clean Air Act over Darman's objections. But Darman and Sununu had seemed to have the upper hand, and the President's ear, on global warming. Bush campaigned on the promise to curb the increase of greenhouse gases, which are produced chiefly by the burning of coal and oil. But the emissions are the exhaust of an industrial economy that Bush is loath to regulate. His instinct was strengthened by the fact that computer models predicting the impact of global warming are imprecise, leaving scientists unsure just how bad the problem is likely to get. Sununu seized upon those uncertainties, insisting it would be foolish to take costly preventive measures against a calamity that might never happen.

But during the past year, Administration infighting on the greenhouse effect seems to have subsided. "Everyone is getting along swimmingly," insists a Sununu aide. While that may be an overstatement, it appears that global warming will no longer be a cause for conflict in the President's immediate circle—at least for now. Pollsters tell the White House that the issue is not high on the public's list of environmental concerns, ranking below more immediate problems like waste disposal, pollution and the disappearance of natural areas. With no pressure from below and little inclination to move at the top, the Administration is likely to keep the warming issue on a low boil. Will that be enough to stave off a change in the weather? Keep an eye on the thermometer. —Reported by Michael Duffy/Washington

American Notes



The professor and thoroughbreds

ENTOMOLOGY

A Day at The Races

Odds makers favored Hot to Trot II, but Plain Disgusting and Fluttering Antenna were far from long shots. The competing cockroaches were entrants in Bug Bowl 1991, an event staged last week at Purdue University to promote understanding of one of the most reviled insects. Says Thomas Turpin, a research entomologist: "We build houses, they move in and feed on the stuff that falls from the table."

One hundred fifty fans watched the first running of the Giganteus Stakes. The contestants, all 3-in.-long tropical species, sped along the track. In a photo finish, Hot to Trot II won the cup by a labrum. ■

RESTAURANTS

Requiem for Horn & Hardart

The final jingle of change through the slot above the lion-head spout served a cup of coffee for eternity. Last week Horn & Hardart closed the nation's last surviving Automat, on New York City's 42nd Street, two blocks east of Grand Central station. First opened in 1912, the cafeteria served 400,000 customers a day at their peak in the early 1950s. Famous actresses, well-heeled businessmen and just plain folks plunked their coins into glass-and-chrome dispensers to feast

CHILDREN

A Few More First Birthdays

There was good news and bad news in the infant-mortality statistics released last week by the Department of Health and Human Services. The number of babies who died before their first birthday fell from 9.7 per 1,000 in 1989 to 9.1 per 1,000 last year, the largest annual drop since 1981. The decline in infant mortality was 6%, in contrast to an average 2.5% annual decline in the 1980s. But the U.S. still trails 19 other nations, including some, like Singapore and Spain, that are less affluent. More troubling still, the death rate for black infants, 17.6 per 1,000, was more than double that for white babies, 8.5 per 1,000. "We have a good deal to be proud of," said HHS Secretary Louis Sullivan. "But much work has yet to be done."

The gap between the rates for black and white infants focuses more attention on the Bush Administration's \$171 million proposal for improving prenatal care for impoverished women. Congressional critics, complaining that the amount is inadequate, have allocated an additional \$25 million for expanded public health and social programs in areas where the problem is most severe—a step in the right direction, but a pitifully small one. ■



Astronaut Jerry Ross performs a maneuver in orbit

SPACE

Walking on Air

It had been more than five years since an American walked in space, but the crew of the shuttle *Atlantis* did not seem rusty. On a first, unscheduled 4½-hour jaunt, astronauts Jerry Ross and Jay Apt freed a balky antenna on an observatory satellite, permitting the \$617 million device to be placed in orbit. The astronauts later tested sleds that haul large objects through space on a rail.

The success of last week's mission, however, did not settle the ongoing debate about the value of manned space flights. NASA officials have long insisted that human crews are vital because even the most sophisticated

ed robots lack the ability to respond to unexpected situations. If the U.S. is serious about exploring the solar system, they say, unmanned probes to distant celestial bodies must be followed by missions involving humans.

Critics counter that unmanned, expendable rockets can loft most satellites into orbit at far less cost and with much less risk than the reusable shuttle, which has been plagued by technological glitches. The argument will heat up this spring as Congress decides whether to fund a \$30 billion orbiting space station. NASA plans to use the shuttle to ferry up astronauts to assemble the station, then supply it with unmanned rockets. If the lawmakers decide to scrub the station, the shuttle will be without a clearly defined role. ■



The doors have closed forever at Manhattan's last Automat

on such fare as Boston baked beans, macaroni and cheese and coconut-custard pie.

In recent years, Automats fell victim to consumers' changing tastes. A generation weaned on fast-food outlets didn't see the point of all the fancy fixtures and the diverse menu. Nor did the upscale power lunchers have any use for the Automats' simple fare. "Those who've become successful stopped coming," says Michael Sherman, an executive vice president at Horn & Hardart, which is now concentrating on direct-mail catalogs. "They've been calling to ask why it's closing. I ask them, 'When was the last time you were there?'" ■

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SAAB

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World

● REFUGEES

Death Every Day



Relief organizations are in a grim race to get aid to the Kurds before the toll from hunger, cold and disease takes a terrible leap—and so far the helpers are running behind

By **GEORGE J. CHURCH**

In the morning, men dug three small holes in the ground on the slopes of Dugen mountain, barely inside the Turkish border with Iraq and near the town of Uludere. Crying softly, a young woman approached through heavy rain, opened a blanket held close to her chest and handed the body of an infant swathed in a burial cloth to a man in a large turban. He laid the small body in a hole already filling with water; he and others shoveled in earth. The men crouched and, as one prayed aloud, murmured after him in low voices. Their faces, and those of the women of the mother's family who huddled, nearby showed only numbed resignation.

COVER STORY



By the tens of thousands, Kurds snake along a narrow mountain track leading from Iraq to Turkey—and more hardship



Behind a makeshift privacy screen, a Kurdish mother in Iran washes for burial the body of a child who could not survive the flight from Iraq



Kurds reach out pleadingly for bread distributed by soldiers at a refugee camp in Turkey



A bag of relief supplies begins to shred under the tugging of desperate refugees



Women gathering snow, which they will melt down to supply the only water many Kurds get

World

Little wonder. Death is becoming not just an everyday but a many-times-a-day phenomenon among the Kurdish refugees camped along the border. That morning on Dugen mountain, nearly 6,600 ft. above sea level, two more babies who had died the night before were buried. The milk in their mothers' breasts had dried up because the women were ill nourished and exhausted from flight. So the infants were fed a little sugar dissolved in water melted from dirty snow. That drink gave them fatal diarrhea.

Conditions practically guarantee more deaths. "There are sometimes up to 40 people living under the same tent," reports Dr. Gérard Salério of the voluntary organization Médecins du Monde (Doctors of the World), who returned to Paris from Uludere late last week. "These are not even tents; they are stretched blankets. People are too ashamed to relieve themselves during the day, so they do it at nighttime, between the tents. There is no hygiene anywhere." One doctor serves 100,000 people. As a result, says Salério, "every day, 20 children are buried between the tents. Older people are dying too; so are younger adults. They are dying, dying even as I speak."

Many more will die unless massive help from outside arrives quickly. But attempts to coordinate an international relief effort got off to a late start. At the end of last week, however, U.S. military forces stepped in to begin a major effort. Some 50 big helicopters will ferry food, blankets and tents to Kurds on otherwise inaccessible mountaintops. U.S. soldiers will enter Iraq to set up organized refugee camps to replace the sprawls of squatters. The undertaking, dubbed Operation Provide Comfort, aims at supplying at least one meal a day to 700,000 Kurds for a month or so, until the U.N. and private relief organizations can pull themselves together enough to take over.

Will even that be enough to keep the death rate from taking a terrible leap? If not, it is hard to see what would do so. At week's end Washington counted \$245 million contributed or pledged by 26 nations for relief since April 1, about \$45 million from the U.S. But these sums are far from adequate. Moreover, not much of the money has yet reached the refugees in the form of food, water, tents, blankets, medicine and other supplies.

Worse, distribution of whatever goods have come close to the Turkish frontier has been held up by some appalling snafus. Late in the week 21 plane-loads of relief supplies had been delivered to the eastern Turkish town of Diyarbakir, but much of the material failed to get past the airport. Other supplies are rotting in the rain aboard trucks stuck on the dirt roads of southeastern Turkey.

Turkish authorities say they have been overwhelmed by the sheer mass of refugees. The total number of northern Kurds and southern Shi'ites fleeing toward Iran



What price safety? An exhausted girl at a refugee camp in Turkey, where hunger, thirst, cold and lack of sanitation threaten refugees' lives almost

or Turkey is estimated at almost 2 million. Many, like the 200,000 or so on the mountaintops around Turkish Hakkari, can be reached only by dirt roads often made impassable by mud. "We can send aid only on mules," says a Turkish official.

Another reason exists for the Kurds' sufferings: the Turks adamantly refuse to let many of them cross the frontier. The Turks fear that the refugees will join Kurdish Turks in forming a political bloc demanding more autonomy than Ankara is willing to grant.

The Kurds on Dugen mountain are not permitted to descend into the valley below because that would mean allowing them deeper into Turkey. So about 20 Turkish doctors waiting with medicine and ambulances in Cizre, 29 miles away, cannot reach them; the vehicles cannot navigate the dirt track up the mountain. Every once in a while, when the track dries out a bit, Turkish soldiers send up a tractor-trailer piled with loaves of bread—the only food that reaches the refugees. On the mountaintop, the trailer is swarmed by struggling, fighting Kurds. The Turkish soldiers fire shots in the air and even swing rifle butts to hold back the crowd, but in vain; within minutes the

trailer is stripped of its cargo. U.S., British and French pilots drop some supplies into the mountains by parachute from cargo planes, but nowhere near enough to alleviate most of the suffering.

Officials of both international relief organizations and governments insist that the greatest imaginable humanitarian assistance can only be a temporary palliative for the pain suffered by refugees in hordes as vast as those of the Kurds and Shi'ites. In the long run, officials say, there must be a political solution that would make it possible for the refugees either to return to their homes or to find some place where they can settle permanently.

Unfortunately, that is somewhat like saying the ideal Arab-Israeli solution would be one pleasing to both Ariel Sharon and Yasser Arafat: true enough, but terribly hard to envision. The refugees insist that they will never feel safe in Iraq with Saddam Hussein in power, but the U.S. and its allies are as loath as ever to become enmeshed in the long civil war that may be required to topple the dictator. There seems to be little hope of persuading any of Iraq's neighbors

to let in unlimited numbers of Kurds: Syria and Iran, which have large indigenous Kurdish populations, share Turkey's fears of internal political disruption.

British Prime Minister John Major elaborated an idea first advanced by Turkish President Turgut Ozal for a stopgap solution: U.N.-sanctioned "enclaves" (later changed to "safe havens") inside Iraq where the refugees would be protected from attack by Saddam's forces. The idea, as such, proved difficult for some members of the U.N. Security Council. Such powers as the Soviet Union, China and India feared setting a precedent of intervention in what have always been considered internal affairs that could someday be applied to their treatment of the Baltic republics, Tibet or Kashmir. Washington saw little chance of getting a resolution through the Security Council.

The U.S., however, accomplished somewhat the same purpose unilaterally. Backed by Britain and France, it warned Saddam not to use either fixed-wing aircraft or helicopters north of the 36th parallel, with the implicit threat that if he did they would be shot down, and not to employ armed forces of any kind to interfere with relief work anywhere in Iraq. The less than 10% of Iraq



ANTHONY RUAB—BLACK STAR FOR TIME

as much as Saddam once did.

that lies north of the parallel takes in all the areas where the Kurdish refugees are now concentrated. So Washington's action in effect establishes most of northern Iraq as a safe haven in which Kurdish refugees would be protected from attack and U.N. and other officials could distribute relief unhindered. That would also foil two of Saddam's objectives: to tighten his control by pushing rebellious populations clear out of the country and to use refugees in effect as an offensive weapon by forcing them across frontiers in numbers large enough to disrupt the societies of neighboring countries.

The danger is that a safe haven will become the semipermanent home of Kurds who will turn into an embittered, stateless and disruptive population. But no political solution to prevent that can be quickly engineered, and the search for one must not be allowed to distract anyone from the immediate problem. That is, quite simply, to save the lives of the thousands of Kurds who will die every day that foot-dragging, bureaucratic bumbling and political maneuvering delay desperately needed relief. —*Reported by Ron Ben-Yishai/Uludere, William Mader/London and J.F.O. McAllister/Washington*

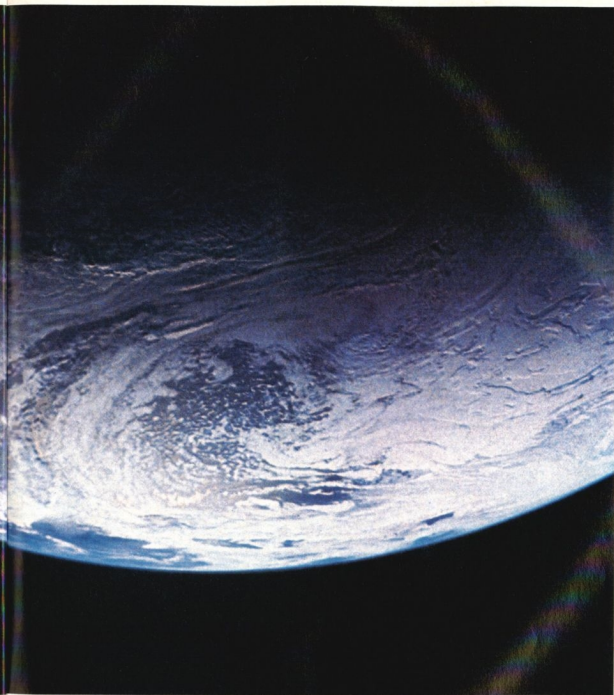


The tragic—and tragically frequent—end: a father buries his child in a hastily dug hole



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Weaponry on display at a 1988 arms show in Beijing: the army is under heavy pressure to sell its hardware abroad to bolster the country's defense budget

CHINA

For Sale: Tools of Destruction

Beijing's missile and nuclear-reactor deals defy arms-control efforts and imperil relations with Washington

By BRUCE W. NELAN

Even if China raised no cheers for George Bush's concept of a new world order, it did not hinder allied action against Iraq during the gulf war. Its acquiescence, though often reluctant, included abstaining in a key vote in the United Nations Security Council. Now that the war is over, however, Beijing is breaking ranks on at least one front. New evidence indicates that the Chinese are peddling missiles and nuclear technology to Third World customers in defiance of multilateral efforts to ban such sales.

Beijing's experts have secretly built a nuclear reactor that is now nearing completion in the Algerian desert, American officials say. U.S. intelligence has also learned that China has sent Pakistan parts for its M-11 missile system, which can propel an 1,100-lb. warhead 180 miles, and is negotiating the sale to Syria of its M-9 missile, with a range of 375 miles. With the Chinese missiles, Pakistan could target major cities and military installations in India, and Syria could put all of Israel under threat.

Mobile launchers for the M-11 arrived in Pakistan last month along with dummy missile frames for practice launches. Pakistani air force technicians are now undergoing training in China. Both of the Chinese missiles are considered more accurate and reliable than the Soviet-designed Scuds that Iraq rained on Israel and Saudi Arabia during the war.

Washington's evidence on the reactor in Algeria comes from satellite photographs and other intelligence data. "Most of the structure is finished," says a U.S. official. "We don't know if any nuclear fuel is there. We don't think it is in operation."

What worries the watchers is that the reactor was built in secret and that its capacity—estimated at between 15 and 40 megawatts—is too small for generating electricity but too large for research. The likely conclusion, they say, is that its purpose is to produce plutonium for nuclear weapons.

If China covertly delivers nuclear fuel to Algeria or transfers M-9 missiles to Syria, it is violating specific, public commitments. The sale of missiles to Pakistan would not break any formal Chinese pledges but would overstep the guidelines set by the Missile Technology Control Regime (MTCR) agreed on by 15 countries. Even though China is not a party to that agreement, under U.S. law the violation could trigger economic sanctions against Beijing.

The Chinese Foreign Ministry's traditional reply to reports of such sales is that they are "utterly groundless." One reason for U.S. National Security Adviser Brent Scowcroft's controversial visit to Beijing in December 1989 was his effort to head off the M-9 sale to Syria. He got a general promise that China would not sell medium-range missiles to Middle East countries and a specific statement that China had no plans to sell the M-9 to Syria.

Asked last week about the nuclear-reactor project, a Foreign Ministry official in Beijing said, "We have never heard of that," and promptly changed the subject. Even in public, Chinese leaders make little pretense of being serious about controlling missiles and conventional armaments. They repeat pious slogans about eliminating nuclear weapons but otherwise imply that they will do what they wish with their "prudent and responsible" arms sales.

China never signed the nuclear non-proliferation treaty and did not take part in the recent MTCR conference in Tokyo. Because China did not attend, says Foreign Minister Qian Qichen, "it is not committed to implementing the agreement."

In China's faltering economy, the military has strong incentives to sell weapons abroad, even if it causes political problems. "When an arms deal happens to clash with the country's foreign policy," explains a Chinese defense analyst, "the military may operate independently, leaving damage control to the government." Some experts also believe the generals have had more political influence over such decisions since they crushed the pro-democracy movement by rolling tanks into Tiananmen Square in June 1989.

China's defense budget is so low—officially just in excess of \$6 billion for 1991—that the 3.2 million-member People's Liberation Army has for years raised extra money by producing consumer goods for sale at home and expensive weaponry for customers abroad. The defense establishment has thus become a major hard-currency earner, though its overseas sales to Third World countries fell from \$4.7 billion in 1987 to \$1.1 billion in 1989.

The pressure to modernize the arsenal by raising money through arms sales is stronger than ever. Chinese commanders were shaken by the performance of U.S. high-tech hardware in the gulf war. Just three weeks ago the government decided to increase defense spending 12%.

No matter who is making the decisions in Beijing, China's current recklessness is leading toward confrontation. The U.S. asked Beijing last month for an explanation of the Algerian reactor project but so far has received no reply. If the Chinese continue on their present course and complete the deals with Algeria and Syria, relations between Washington and Beijing could become chillier than at any time since before Richard Nixon first went to China.

—Reported by Jaime A. FlorCruz/
Beijing and Jay Peterzell/Washington

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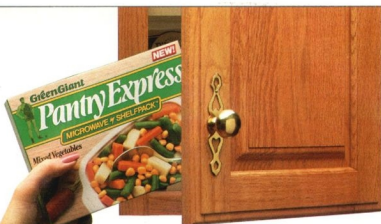
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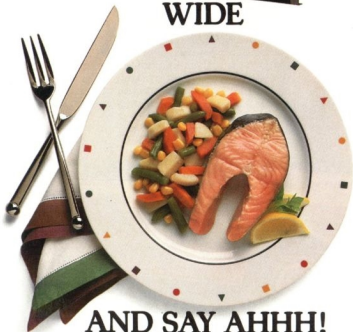




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DIPLOMACY

A Superpower at the Abyss

By building bridges to the reformers, a former President argues, the U.S. may be able to induce Gorbachev to end his unholy alliance with the reactionaries

As his country slipped deeper into domestic chaos, Soviet leader Mikhail Gorbachev last week unveiled an "anticrisis program" designed to reassert Moscow's central control and curb the spreading economic and political unrest. In a speech long on apocalyptic warnings and exhortations to discipline—but, as usual, short on fresh ideas—the President called for a moratorium on strikes and demonstrations to be coupled with additional measures to stabilize the economy. Gorbachev threatened tough action against republics that refused to cooperate, but he offered no specifics on how he planned to enforce his program.

Gorbachev's speech was immediately greeted with two acts of naked defiance. Georgia became the first republic outside the Bal-

tics to declare outright independence. The next day tens of thousands of workers in Minsk, the capital of once quiescent Belorussia, answered the call for a strike moratorium by walking off the job, joining the estimated 300,000 miners on strike. The cost of these labor disruptions is already estimated to run into the billions. This can only worsen a budget deficit that has in the first quarter already exceeded the government's projection for the entire year by more than 4 billion rubles, owing to a shortfall in contributions from the republics.

Two weeks ago, Richard Nixon had the opportunity to observe firsthand the country that now appears, even in the view of its embattled leader, to be on the brink of catastrophe.

By RICHARD NIXON

In our meeting in the Kremlin, Mikhail Gorbachev assured me that his current turn toward the reactionaries is just a temporary detour. But the evidence is overwhelming that he is leading the U.S.S.R. toward the abyss. In the absence of radical reform, the Soviet Union will become an irrelevant and crippled empire—a nuclear superpower with a Third World economy, unable to play a major role on the world stage. This is good news in one sense because it means a declining Soviet threat. But it is also bad news because, as I told Gorbachev in 1986 and again in our recent meeting, the security of one nuclear superpower cannot be built on the insecurity of the other. We need the U.S.S.R. as a reliable international partner in building a new world order.

During my recent visit I found a mood of depression unlike anything I had ever encountered before. Previously I had seen people living in poverty and fear, but they still had some hope the system could work. Now there is an absence of fear but an absence of hope as well. The communist regime is totally discredited. The Soviet economy is collapsing.

Gorbachev seems unable to realize that there is no halfway house between a command system and a free market, and that there can be no successful private enterprise without private ownership. He is unable to cut the umbilical cord to the Marxist-Leninist philosophy that has nurtured him all his life.

His insensitivity to nationalist sentiments and his rejection of the legitimate aspirations of the Soviet republics have aggravated the secessionist tendencies that are now tearing the country apart.

In his heavy-handed approach to Lithuania, Latvia and Estonia, Gorbachev has alienated many of his former reformist al-



Meeting with Yeltsin: a political heavyweight of steely determination and strong conviction

lies. At the other end of the spectrum, the reactionaries charge him with insufficient ruthlessness to implement an effective crackdown. All sides accuse him of being unreliable, weak, indecisive—a talker rather than a doer. The unkindest cut I heard was from one former ally who called him a "cruel wimp."

Gorbachev is left with no genuine political base of his own, and his flip-flops have damaged what is left of his credibility. His reform-minded advisers, like Eduard Shevardnadze and Alexander Yakovlev, have either deserted him or been deserted by him. His small circle of advisers is now composed mostly of yes-men, who tell him what he wants to hear rather than what he needs to know, and communist functionaries, who are nostalgic for the superficial

stability and artificial imperial glory of the Soviet totalitarian past.

Some of Gorbachev's supporters told me that his alliance with the reactionaries is only a marriage of convenience. However, such marriages often produce unwanted children. Already we see ominous restrictions on *glasnost*, as well as emergency police measures such as bans on demonstrations and strikes. As a result, the democratization of recent years is being reversed.

Gorbachev took pride in ending the Soviet obsession with what he termed the "enemy image." Yet he is now resorting to the old habit of blaming Soviet failures on unnamed Western opponents and "troublemakers."

Gorbachev feels he has no choice but

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World

to seek the help of the reactionaries to stabilize the situation, particularly the dangerous deterioration of the economy, before giving his reforms another push. But he must realize—and realize soon—that stability at the cost of freedom is too high a price to pay because it means no progress, while freedom at the cost of some instability is a price worth paying in order to achieve progress.

Not surprisingly, he appeared less dynamic and optimistic than he did five years ago. But his formidable intellectual skills and instincts as a political survivor remain intact. It is not too late for Gorbachev the reactionary to become Gorbachev the reformer once again.

He has shown before that he is capable of 180-degree turns. This is the same leader who declared he would never let East Germany join West Germany or let a unified Germany remain in NATO. It is the same leader who vowed he would never abandon the Communist Party's monopoly on power in the Soviet Union.

We can hope he will reverse himself again. Meanwhile, it would be a serious mistake for the U.S. to tie all its hopes for a good relationship with the Soviet Union to one man—even one as remarkable as Gorbachev. We must face the reality that his power is slipping away from him.

On each of my previous six visits to the U.S.S.R., I had discussions with only the top man—Nikita Khrushchev in 1959, Leonid Brezhnev in 1972 and 1974, Gorbachev in 1986. This time I had meetings not only with Gorbachev but with the chairman of the KGB, the ministers of Defense, Foreign Affairs and the Interior. I also met with Boris Yeltsin and other top opposition figures in Moscow as well as with their counterparts in Lithuania, the Ukraine and Georgia. Power is being dispersed; there are now, in a way that was unthinkable a short time ago, competing constituencies.

I have seen firsthand the degree to which some of the republics have been able to gain control over their internal affairs. They are attempting to develop foreign policies of their own as well. This is true not only in the Baltic republics and Georgia, which are seeking complete independence from the Soviet Union, but also in the Ukraine, where the communist government is refusing to take orders from Moscow.

These developments require an unambiguous, positive American response. As inconvenient as it may be in terms of conventional diplomacy, the U.S. should start immediately to build political, economic

and cultural bridges to the newly assertive republics.

This is particularly true with the largest of the republics, Russia. I met with Yeltsin, the chairman of the Supreme Soviet of the Russian Federation, for over an hour with only his interpreter present. After being led to expect a lightweight and a demagogue, I quickly realized how inaccurate media reports and assessments by Establishment diplomats can be. The Russian leader projects steely determination and strength of conviction. He has the physical magnetism that is so important for an effective politician. He is not as intellectual

tion; Gorbachev will not take that risk.

Most significant, Yeltsin's advisers, some of whom used to advise Gorbachev, are more able than the reactionaries who counsel Gorbachev today. They are the best hope for reform.

I am not saying that the U.S. should start interfering in Soviet internal affairs and side with Yeltsin against Gorbachev. The U.S. must continue to deal with whoever is in charge of the other nuclear superpower's foreign policy. Today that happens to be Gorbachev, and for the time being there is no alternative to him.

But at the same time we can and should



Striking miners in the Ukraine: their anger is accelerating the economy's dangerous deterioration

and sophisticated as Gorbachev, but he is still a political heavyweight. Gorbachev appeals to the head, Yeltsin to the heart; Gorbachev dazzles his listeners, Yeltsin moves them. If, as some of his critics claim, Yeltsin seeks power for his own sake, he could be a very dangerous dictator. Fortunately, his critics are wrong.

I'm not surprised that the American media, with their tendency to put style over substance, prefer Gorbachev to Yeltsin. But in evaluating Yeltsin we should focus on what he stands for rather than his personal style. Yeltsin totally repudiates the communist philosophy; Gorbachev does not. Yeltsin supports private ownership; Gorbachev does not. Yeltsin would give immediate independence to the Baltics; Gorbachev would not. Yeltsin would cut all Soviet aid to Cuba, Afghanistan, Angola and other Third World losers; Gorbachev would not. Yeltsin seeks a mandate to rule by winning a free elec-

strengthen our contacts at all levels with the reformers in Russia and the other republics. Gorbachev will not like that. But we must remember that he needs us far more than we need him.

The future of U.S.-Soviet ties is organically linked to the fate of reforms inside the U.S.S.R. Supporting reform is morally right. It is also very much in America's national interest. Ironically, it is in Gorbachev's interest as well. If we support the reformers, they will be better able to bring pressure to bear on Gorbachev to realign himself with them, to end his current detour and return the country to the road of reform.

Gorbachev must abandon the unholy alliance that he has formed with the reactionaries. If he sticks with them, he may save his position of power but lose his place in history. It would be tragic if he were to suffer the fate of so many reformers in the past: those who plant the seeds of reform seldom reap the harvest.

World Notes

BRITAIN

Is This Zoo Worth Saving?

When officials of the financially strapped London Zoo let it be known that they may be forced to close the world's oldest animal park—and perhaps even kill off some of its 8,000 inhabitants—many expected there would be an outpouring of sympathy, and cash, from animal-loving Britons.

But a surprising number cried good riddance to the 40-acre Regent's Park facility, which was established by Sir Stamford Raffles in 1828 for the "introduction of curious subjects to the animal kingdom." Janet Fookes, head of Parliament's animal-rights committee, said closing the zoo



Fast friends: chimp and keeper

would be a "major step forward for animal welfare," while Will Travers, director of the anti-zoo campaign Zoo Check, argued that "keeping animals in captivity for entertainment" could no longer be justified.

Nevertheless, the zoo's switchboard last week was jammed by callers offering support and money, and four newspapers put in bids to become sponsors. Whether this will raise the \$23 million the zoo says it needs to survive is unclear. But Zoological Society director David Jones has put the closing plan on hold—and he insists that the zoo never had any intention of slaughtering its animals.



Convicted of rape in a religious court, a man is publicly flogged

PAKISTAN

Tightening Islam's Grip

"I am not a fundamentalist," declared Prime Minister Mian Nawaz Sharif last week, but that did not stop him from introducing broad legislation to make strict Islamic law, or Shari'a, the "supreme law of Pakistan." Addressing a joint session of Pakistan's Senate and National Assembly, Nawaz Sharif outlined a legislative package that includes changes in the education and judicial systems and the restructuring of the economy along Islamic lines. The proposed legislation

fulfills Nawaz Sharif's election promise to the small but powerful Islamic parties that helped him defeat Benazir Bhutto last October.

Fundamentalist groups have reacted with cautious approval, but opponents of the bill, including educated women and lawyers, charge that it would pave the way for a militant and repressive Muslim theocracy, confine women to their homes and bring the media and the educational system under the control of Islamic clerics. The worst-case interpretation of Shari'a also favors the banning of music, dance and cinema, and the mandatory wearing of veils by women in public.

MIDDLE EAST

A Few Steps Toward Peace

After America's victory in the gulf war, Middle East governments apparently would rather be seen saying yes than no to Washington. Secretary of State James Baker, in his second swing through the area in a month, visited five countries last week to explore the idea of a regional peace conference. He received carefully hedged encouragement from Israel, Egypt, Saudi Arabia, Syria and Jordan.

That was a triumph of modest proportions, though Ba-

ker pointed out that a regional meeting could not be arranged "with one trip or even two trips." The governments' long-standing preconditions are likely to re-emerge as they try to agree on who will participate and what the agenda will be.

Arab states like Egypt, for example, contend that such talks should take place in an international forum. Israel insists on direct negotiations with

each Arab state. If the conference does convene, it will have to confront an even more fundamental conflict: the Arabs demand the return of the territory Israel conquered in the 1967 war; Israel's leaders say never.



James Baker

JAPAN

Curtains for Kaifu?

Will Prime Minister Toshiki Kaifu become a gulf-war casualty? That possibility was raised last week after Kaifu's ruling Liberal Democratic Party was badly jolted by the 2-to-1 defeat of its candidate for the governorship of Tokyo. The humiliating upset prompted the resignation of the party's chief political operative, Ichiro Ozawa, who took responsibility for the loss. Ruling party insiders say that Ozawa had agreed to try to prevent re-election of the L.D.P.'s incumbent governor as part of a deal with the opposition, in exchange for passage of Japan's additional \$9 billion gulf-war contribution in the Diet.

The L.D.P. fiasco has stirred speculation that Kaifu's days may be numbered—or at the very least that his chances of re-election next October are doomed. "Without Ozawa in one of the party top posts,

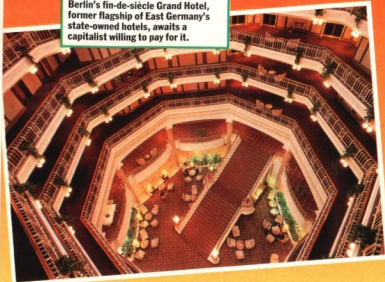


Bowing out: Ozawa with Kaifu

Kaifu could be a lame-duck Prime Minister," observed a Japanese politician. Others speculate that Ozawa's sudden downfall might trigger the comeback of former Prime Minister Noboru Takeshita, still considered one of the most powerful politicians in Japan despite his resignation two years ago over an influence-peddling scandal.

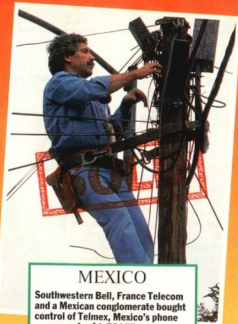
GERMANY

Berlin's fin-de-siècle Grand Hotel, former flagship of East Germany's state-owned hotels, awaits a capitalist willing to pay for it.



MEXICO

Southwestern Bell, France Telecom and a Mexican conglomerate bought control of Telmex, Mexico's phone company, for \$1.76 billion.



Business

A Global Fire Sale

Governments worldwide are selling off state-owned enterprises. The results should be salutary—but the process can be painful.

By **BARBARA RUDOLPH**

It's the steal of the century! A one-time-only offer! Get a great deal on a Mexican phone company! Pick up a Philippine airline—cheap! Buy a Pakistani ghee factory for a song! Hurry, hurry, hurry for unbeatable bargains!

Like shopkeepers clearing out superfluous inventory, governments around the world are dumping a vast array of state-owned assets onto the open market. This may be the biggest fire sale in history, with properties up for grabs everywhere: in Western Europe, Asia and, most dramatically, Eastern Europe and Latin America. For finance ministers from Brasilia to Budapest, the disposal of publicly owned enterprises has become the great hope for debt-burdened economies.

Governments have announced plans to sell stakes in a dozen national airlines, including AeroPeru, Lot Polish Airlines and Viasa in Venezuela. An estimated 30 telephone companies, including stakes in those of Uruguay and Venezuela, are up for sale or

will become available in the next few years. Some \$50 billion worth of properties are on the block in just Latin America and Eastern Europe, and businesses worth hundreds of billions of dollars will be sold worldwide over the next several years. The offerings include huge industrial conglomerates and small retail chains, banks and restaurants, oil fields, utilities and hotels.

Former Prime Minister Margaret Thatcher's transformation of the ailing British economy through divestiture was the key development that pushed privatization into the mainstream. It showed, unsurprisingly, that private owners with their money on the line run companies more profitably than governments do. That, plus the more recent worldwide turn to capitalism, has made privatization an alluring prospect for sluggish state-controlled economies.

Not that selling the properties is easy. The glut of industries on the block, coupled with a global credit crunch that limits the resources of prospective buyers, guarantees depressed prices for even some choice enterprises. "There are just too many projects

chasing too little money," says Paul Sacks, president of Multinational Strategies, a New York consulting firm. When finally sold off, many companies are destined to fail in the highly competitive marketplace of the '90s.

For the politicians, large-scale privatization entails enormous risk. It virtually ensures at least temporary higher unemployment in societies where millions may already be out of work: state-owned companies tend to be bloated, so private owners impose layoffs right away. Even workers who keep their jobs must often make do with reduced wages and benefits. If the pain becomes too great, a backlash is a potent threat.

Which countries have the best chance of making privatization pay off? Germany probably heads the list; transforming the eastern economy will be expensive, but the nation will have sufficient capital. In the Third World, countries like Mexico appear to be good bets. The Mexican government directs at least some of the proceeds from asset sales into improving education, health care and a crumbling infrastructure—investments intended to pay off in future economic



POLAND

Handyman special! Poland's oldest daily newspaper, *Zycie Warszawy* (circ. 250,000), will be auctioned off for at least \$3.7 million.

COLOMBIA

Foreigners generally can't buy more than 49% of a state-owned bank, but the country wants to sell at least four of the institutions outright.

banco popular

Banco del Estado

BANCOMERCIO

development. Using the money to pay off foreign debt, as Argentina has done, seems a riskier course. Unloading national assets without attracting new capital is somewhat akin to an individual's selling his house to pay for a new automobile. When the car finally breaks down, there is no nest egg to finance a new one.

Despite the difficulties of making privatization pay off, many governments are moving ahead. Herewith a guide to what's available at the global sale:

EUROPE Germany's Treuhandanstalt, or trust institution, is orchestrating the most massive denationalization program, since it controls an estimated \$300 billion of assets formerly owned by the German Democratic Republic. When the agency received its mandate to sell or close down the 8,000 state-owned companies that did business in the eastern part of the country, government officials thought the job would take at most five years. But the disintegration of East Germany revealed that its industry was a rolling wreck, running on dirty brown coal and potholed roads.

As a result, not many prospective buyers have come by to kick the tires. Just 1,200 of the 8,000 firms have been privatized. The agency's troubles intensified three weeks ago when unidentified German terrorists assassinated the agency's director, Detlev Rohwedder, increasing anxieties throughout Germany about the social and financial costs of integration. Mass layoffs have also complicated the Treuhand's work. Although a great number of eastern businesses seem headed for dissolution as hopelessly uneconomic or dangerously polluting, the trust will try to rescue as many firms as it can to minimize unemployment.

Most other former East bloc countries have barely started their sales. Eager to help them—and especially eager to earn handsome fees for making the deals—are scores of investment bankers who have descended upon Eastern Europe. "It's Klondike on the Danube," says George Lorinczi, a partner at Strock & Strock & Lavan, an American law firm that opened an office in Budapest last September.

Hungary is well ahead of the East European pack. The government aims to sell about 2,400 enterprises roughly estimated to be worth \$37 billion. These include 20 large companies in businesses ranging from pharmaceuticals to tourism. Lajos Csepi, who runs the privatization program, predicts that the state's stake in the economy will come down from 86% early last year to 15% in the next two or three years.

In Poland, privatization was a key ingredient of the shock plan that took effect last year when Prime Minister Tadeusz Mazowiecki's government lifted price controls, cut off state subsidies and began to reform the banking and monetary systems. The government late last year began selling shares in five of the most successful companies: Exbud, a construction firm with 1989 sales of nearly \$15 million, and four smaller profitable enterprises, including a cable manufacturer and a glass mill. Foreign investors will be prohibited from purchasing more than 10% of the shares, though they could petition the authorities for more. An additional 10% to 20% of the stock will be reserved for employees of the enterprises. But the public has attacked the reforms, blaming them for wiping out more than 1 million jobs.

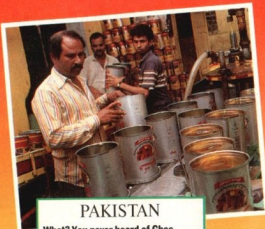
The Havel government in Czechoslovakia has begun auctioning off thousands

of small businesses and retail shops. The initial round of bidding was limited to Czechoslovak citizens, who must pay only a \$1.75 entrance fee to qualify for the auction. A later round of bidding will be open to foreigners.

LATIN AMERICA Chile has been successfully selling off public companies since 1985 and stands a solid chance of making privatization pay off. But its experience is a cautionary tale: the former military regime of General Augusto Pinochet Ugarte did not have to worry about public opinion or the press, which opposed the asset sales. Between 1985 and 1989, the government sold 24 state enterprises, raising \$1.7 billion.

Next to Chile, Mexico enjoys the best odds of making privatization work. Former President Miguel de la Madrid sold the Aeroméxico national airline for \$193.8 million to a group of Mexican investors in 1988. Sales took off after Carlos Salinas de Gortari became President later that year. Mexicana, the other state-owned airline, was sold for \$140 million to a consortium including Mexico's Group Xabre conglomerate and the Chase Manhattan Bank. Next to hit the auction block was Cananea, one of the largest copper mines in the western hemisphere, sold last summer for \$475 million to Mexican copper baron Jorge Larrea.

Four months ago, the government completed the first and most important phase of the sale of Teléfonos de México, the national phone company, whose market value is about \$8 billion and whose profits last year totaled \$1 billion. The state has sold 20.4% of Telmex stock, which represents the majority of voting power, for \$1.76 billion. The buyers: a con-



PAKISTAN

What? You never heard of Ghee Corp.? It makes 504,000 tons of cooking oils every year—and Pakistan wants to unload it.

THE PHILIPPINES

Profitable Philippine Airlines is for sale and valued at \$400 million to \$500 million. Foreigners will eventually be permitted to buy 35%.



Business

sortium led by Grupo Carso, a Mexico City-based conglomerate headed by entrepreneur Carlos Slim and including Southwestern Bell and France Telecom. But the Federal Communications Commission in Washington is considering regulatory changes that could limit one of Telmex's most lucrative businesses, handling phone calls from the U.S. Salinas is also selling the country's two largest steel mills and a 66% interest in 18 commercial banks, the other shares of which are already in private hands.

Among Latin American countries, Mexico has been able to drive the toughest bargains. Salinas in many cases restricts foreign ownership to 49% and has not been forced to tie asset sales to repayment of the nation's \$80 billion foreign debt. Argentina, in contrast, allows foreign control of state-owned companies and has also accepted so-called debt-equity swaps, in which banks exchange some debt for stock in newly privatized companies.

President Carlos Saúl Menem began propitiously by finding buyers for Empresa Nacional de Telecomunicaciones (ENTEL), the notoriously inefficient telephone company. In November, Menem sold a 60% interest in ENTEL to two consortiums, one headed by Italy's Societa Finanziaria Telefonica and the other by Spain's Telefonica. The firms will pay only \$214 million in cash but have agreed to buy back \$5 billion of the national debt. The deal looks like a good one for the buyers: the debt will be bought on the open market, so they will pay something like 20¢ on the dollar for it. Menem has also sold the national airline, Aerolineas Argentinas, to a consortium led by Spain's Iberia. The buyers agreed to pay \$2 billion in foreign-debt certifi-

cates and \$26 million a year for the next decade.

In Brazil, President Fernando Collor de Mello unveiled ambitious plans for privatization as soon as he took office in March 1990. He said he wanted to sell off 40 major companies, including the state-owned steel industry, for an estimated \$17 billion. But so far there have been no sales, and Collor's entire program of economic reform is on decidedly shaky ground. His austerity plan brought inflation down from more than 80% a month to less than 10%. But inflation began rebounding in January; Brazil is mired in a serious recession—GNP fell 4.6% last year; and confidence in Collor has plummeted.

The Colombian government of César Gaviria Trujillo is trying to sell some of its state-owned banks and is sponsoring legislation to overturn a 15-year-old law that restricts foreign ownership to 49% of any bank. "If we are going to open our economy, we need foreign investment," Finance Minister Rudolf Hommes has said.

ASIA In Pakistan, the government of Prime Minister Nawaz Sharif announced that it plans in coming months to sell 50 of its 150 state-owned industrial operations, including the Ghee Corp., which makes a blend of cooking oils. But the plan faces resistance from the bureaucracy, which long ago grew accustomed to the power and patronage of running an industrial empire, as well as from labor unionists, who fear massive layoffs. The government has nonetheless managed to sell off the Muslim Commercial Bank, one of the country's largest.

Sales elsewhere in Asia are decidedly slow. Last summer the Cambodian government dumped 12 state enterprises on the

market, including a rubber plantation and a former battery factory. Vietnam is hawking a beach resort 50 miles south of Saigon. Sri Lanka is peddling its stakes in three luxury hotels in Colombo. The Manila government of Corazon Aquino is trying to sell off a stake in Philippine Airlines.

Since privatization is often painful and precarious, Western public financial institutions—such as the World Bank, the International Monetary Fund and the new European Bank for Reconstruction and Development—must sometimes lend a hand. That may not always be enough. A nation's people could demand a return to nationalization because they see immediate costs a lot more clearly than future benefits, or because government bungles the job. In addition, says Kenneth Maxwell, a senior fellow at the Council on Foreign Relations in New York, "where privatization hurts special interests and there is a tradition of populism, then nationalism becomes a retreat." Governments that launched free-market reforms but have nothing yet to show for them could be thrown out of office, a possibility as plausible in Budapest as in Buenos Aires.

The global sell-off will take time. The income it brings will disappoint many sellers. Buyers may be discouraged by the difficulty of transforming ailing enterprises into viable operations. But the fire sale has only just begun, and there is reason to be hopeful. After years of suffering the inefficiencies and inequities of state-owned economies, people ache for a change. Privatization may be imperfect, but it certainly beats the alternative.

—With reporting by Andrea Dabrowski/Mexico City, James L. Grall/Vienna and James O. Jackson/Bonn

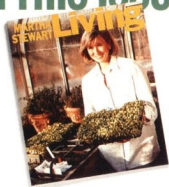
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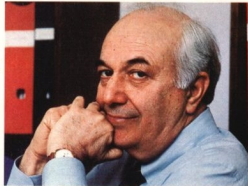
The warnings began more than a year ago. Executive Life Insurance, with 245,000 clients holding \$40.5 billion of life insurance and annuities, was teetering toward insolvency. When California state insurance commissioner John Garamendi stepped before TV news cameras in Los Angeles last week, the pieces fell into place like tumblers in a lock.

As Garamendi announced that his agents were seizing control of Executive Life, attorneys for his department were securing an order in superior court enabling him to place the insurer in a state-controlled conservatorship. Across town, at the modern glass-and-steel headquarters tower of the insurer's parent company, First Executive, Garamendi's agents informed chief executive Fred Carr that he no longer headed the Executive Life subsidiary. Addressing himself "to the schoolteachers and hardhats, secretaries and doctors" who are the insurer's customers, Garamendi pledged, "We are going to do everything in our power to see that your money is there when you need it."

Executive Life's failure—the industry's largest yet—comes when many insurers are burdened with

large investments in mortgages and junk bonds that have gone south. But aggressive Executive Life is far worse off than most.

Carr, 60, is a Los Angeles native who pumped gas part time until he was 32, and he has tried hard to make up for lost time. As an insurance entrepreneur he disdained the slow, steady process of writing policies and building reserves through careful investments to cover eventual payouts. Instead he built the company with sizzle and flash, turning in the 1980s to the high-yield



Chief executive Fred Carr was impatient—and imprudent

No other insurer this large invested in so much junk.

junk bonds sold by Drexel Burnham's Michael Milken. Of Executive Life's \$10.1 billion in assets, \$6.4 billion is junk. Says Henri Bersoux, a spokesman for the American Council of Life Insurance: "No other company of that size or larger has invested so much of its assets in high-yield bonds." As the junk-bond market fizzled in 1989, First Executive reported a stunning \$859 million write-down in its portfolio.

The insurance industry equivalent of a run on the bank took place two weeks ago. First Executive reported a \$465.9 million fourth-quarter loss just as its auditors questioned its ability to keep doing business. That week 260 clients a day cashed out their policies, nearly four times the average during the first three months of this year. At the same time, New York State regulators barred Executive Life from writing new policies and ordered it to raise its reserves \$125 million.

In announcing his takeover last week, Garamendi assured policyholders that medical claims and death benefits will continue to be paid while the state manages the company. He added that a consortium led by a division of Crédit Lyonnais, the large French bank, is exploring an acquisition of the California insurer. If the deal goes through, most of the firm's policyholders will rest much easier. But the story isn't over. First Executive also owns Executive Life of New York—and the California action has set off a renewed rush on it. —By Janice Castro.

Reported by Bernard Baumohl/New York and Sylvester Monroe/Los Angeles

The Beauty Part

P&G agrees to buy Max Factor from debt-laden Revlon

Procter & Gamble made its mark with such homely household products as Crisco, Tide and Ivory soap, but now the Cincinnati-based giant is paying up for glamour. In a move to strengthen its worldwide beauty business, P&G (1990 sales: \$24 billion) last week agreed to buy the Max Factor cosmetics firm and Betrix, a German makeup and fragrance manufacturer, from Ronald Perelman's debt-burdened Revlon for \$1.4 billion in cash. The deal "speeds up the global expansion of the company by at least five years," said P&G chief Edwin Artzt, who has focused on foreign growth since he took over the top job last year. "It gives us an international base in the cosmetics and fragrance business that you really need to be a major competitor in these categories."

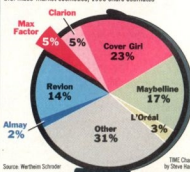
The acquisition reflects P&G's drive to become as formidable in beauty products as it is in packaged goods from cake mixes to disposable diapers. The company ventured into cosmetics with the 1985 purchase of Richardson-Vicks, maker of Oil of Olay skin-care creams and lotions. In 1989 it acquired Noxell, whose products include the Cover Girl and Clarion cosmetics and toiletries lines. But while P&G racked up about \$500 million in sales of beauty products last year, the business was largely confined to the U.S. market. The latest deal will raise the company's beauty revenues to \$1.3 billion a year, including \$650 million from foreign sales. Said Artzt: "The transaction puts us in major hub markets of the world—Japan, Germany and the United Kingdom—which are very tough to enter from scratch." Acquisition of Betrix will also reinforce a push into East European markets that P&G began last year.

The deal means a measure of financial relief for Perelman, who acquired control of Revlon for \$2.7 billion in a bitter 1985 takeover fight. To expand his cosmetics empire, Perelman subsequently paid some \$300 million for Max Factor in

1986 and about \$170 million for Betrix in 1989. Now, to pare his junk-bond debt, he has begun selling assets as fast as he once acquired them. What might be next? Perelman's advisers said the erstwhile raider could soon put on the block such tony cosmetics brands as Princess Marcella Borgehe and Charles of the Ritz.

A NEW FACTOR IN MAKEUP

■ PROCTER & GAMBLE ■ REVLO
U.S. mass-market cosmetics, 1990 share estimates



Source: Wertheim Schroder

TIME Chart by Steve Hall



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Business Notes

REAL ESTATE

Trump Tries Tokyo Prices

Nothing unusual about taking a building condo to help pay the mortgage. But Donald Trump raised eyebrows last week when he announced plans to convert most of New York City's 84-year-old Plaza Hotel into condominiums to pay off his \$300 million loan on the place. He plans to charge an average of \$1,600 per sq. ft. for the luxury apartments, or about three times the price of other prime residential buildings in Manhattan—and most of the apartments won't have kitchens.

Taking the landmark condo could bring the financially humbled developer \$750 million, nearly twice what he paid for it three years ago. Trump is characteristically confident about the audacious



The Plaza's owner: Going condo?

plan, which he has not yet submitted to the attorney general's office for approval. "I've already been called by so many people looking to buy in," he bragged. "It's going to become a great success." Ex-wife Ivana may feel considerably less bubbly about the proposed conversion. She could lose her job as the hotel's president.

expose patients to drafts in the darndest places. But the No Moon Co. of La Jolla, Calif., has built a better hospital gown: a soft, thick, robe-like garment with an overlapping flap in the rear held in place by strategically positioned Velcro tabs.

Conceived by brother-sister team Anita Chaffee and Tim Russell, the \$16.35 No Moon costs at least three times as much as its low-end equivalents. But, says Chaffee, "for the extra money you are getting a gown that has much more function, design and comfort to it." After a trial order of 12 dozen from La Jolla's Green Hospital in January 1990, the gowns were boosted by exposure at the California Association of Hospitals and Health Systems convention in Palm Springs last October and an article in *Modern Healthcare* magazine in January. Result: the company has received inquiries from over 50 hospitals in 25 states and sold nearly 2,000 gowns.

NEW PRODUCTS

No Butts About It

Hospital food is dreadful. Hospital bills are frightful. Yet they are nothing compared with the humiliation of the traditional hospital gown, an ill-fitting slice of flimsy fabric secured along the spine by shoelace-style ties that



The No Moon gown: the name says it all

MEDIA

Those Oldies Are Goldies

The finest wines do not age nearly as well as successful television shows. Reruns of American TV hits, along with syndicated sensations like *Wheel of Fortune*, gross close to \$6 billion a year worldwide. That huge market has long been the virtually exclusive preserve not of the networks but of the Hollywood studios that create the shows. The Federal Communications Commission decreed in 1970 that ABC, CBS and NBC, then the largest buyers of programs by far, could not also be major

sellors. But more recently, facing profit-sapping competition from cable TV and independent stations, the Big Three lobbied the FCC to change the rules. Last week the FCC gave the networks a piece of the action: they may produce and thus possess up to 40% of TV's prime-time shows. It will take the networks years to reap the rewards of the new ruling. Nonetheless, producers reacted angrily. "We made the best shows the networks ever had," lamented Lee Rich, executive producer of *Dallas*. "This decision kills the system." Responded NBC's equally dissatisfied general counsel: "We went to the FCC seeking complete repeal."



Wheel of Fortune's cut of a \$6 billion market can buy a lot of vowels

PHARMACEUTICALS

Thalidomide's Second Chance

Can a drug that once shattered thousands of lives now offer hope to thousands of others? Pregnant women in the 1950s took thalidomide to combat morning sickness. When some 12,000 gave birth to tragically deformed children, the doomed drug was abruptly withdrawn. Now it is making a quiet comeback. Andrus Pharmaceuticals of Beltsville, Md., and Pediatric Pharmaceuticals of Westfield, N.J., have asked the Food and Drug Administration to approve thalidomide for experimental use. Andrus wants it for a clinical study of patients with bone-marrow transplants. By suppressing the immune re-

sponse, thalidomide may prevent the new marrow from attacking the body. Pediatric plans to provide the drug to investigators of lupus and AIDS-related mouth ulcers, which thalidomide could curtail. These small firms may have the field to themselves—giant drugmakers are still unlikely to embrace a medicine with such a grim reputation.



A controversial drug returns

● COVER STORIES

The First Lady And the Slasher

A merciless new biography sparks a furious debate. Was Nancy Reagan really a witch? And has author Kitty Kelley gone too far?

By **RICHARD ZOGLIN**

Nancy Reagan watchers used to refer to it as "the gaze." It was that look of rapt attention she fixed on people, a look that implied the recipient was the most important person in the world. Classmates at Smith College may have been the first to notice it; she developed it further in Hollywood while wooing Ronald Reagan. But the gaze became most famous during Nancy Reagan's days in the White House: the frozen, doe-eyed stare of adoration that the First Lady would fix on the President whenever she watched him speak.

The American public has lately become accustomed to another sort of gaze: the all-embracing, unflinching stare of the pop biographer. Unlike Nancy's, this gaze is without mercy or letup. It can go on for hundreds of pages, unearthing skeletons, resurrecting old grudges, exposing big faults and magnifying little blemishes. Few can survive it with reputation intact.

That pitiless gaze was focused on Nancy Reagan last week by Kitty Kelley, America's premier slash biographer. The resulting furor caused even some die-hard Nancy haters to feel a sympathetic twinge or two for the former First Lady. *Nancy Reagan: The Unauthorized Biography* (Simon & Schuster) went on sale across the nation just as newspapers and TV newscasts began to revel in the book's most sensational allegations. Many bookstores sold out their copies within hours. Aggrieved parties cried foul. Johnny Carson made jokes and guardians of journalistic integrity shook their heads. The *New York Times*, which trumpeted the book's revelations in a long, uncritical front-page piece on Sunday, sobered up three days later with a condemning editorial. "Lightning rods have had it better than Nancy Reagan," it



“Kelley's book is so slanted that its credibility is called into question at every turn.”

said. "... But truly, nobody deserves this."

In more than 600 pages the book digs up seemingly every tawdry anecdote, unflattering recollection or catty comment ever uttered about Nancy Reagan. The former First Lady was, in Kelley's account, a cold and uncaring parent, a manipulative social climber and an acquisitive *arriviste*—who was nonetheless so cheap that she would recycle old gifts and send them to friends. In her Hollywood days, the book contends, Nancy Davis got parts because

she was sleeping with MGM's head of casting. In Washington she was a ruthless Marie Antoinette who was the real power behind the President. She rejected her natural father, spied on her kids and lied about her age. In short, she was the Wicked Witch of the West and East coasts. "Believe it or not," says a fashion industry executive who helped outfit Nancy in Adolfo clothes, "Leona Helmsley was nicer."

The image of the Reagans' wholesome, all-American marriage takes a thorough beating. Before marrying Nancy, Kelley claims, Reagan was one of Hollywood's busiest woman chasers; one former starlet even claims Reagan forced himself on her one night in her apartment. "They call it date rape today," the actress is quoted as saying. When Reagan married Nancy in 1952, it was only after his proposal to another actress, Christine Larson, had been rejected. On the day Nancy was in the hospital giving birth to daughter Patti, Kelley says, Reagan was at Christine's, sobbing that his life was ruined. In perhaps the book's most sensational allegation, Kelley asserts that Nancy had an extramarital fling of her own: with Frank Sinatra, who used to come up to the White House for private "lunches"—winkingly placed in quotes by Kelley—that lasted three or more hours.

The stories go on. When her grandmother died, a cousin relates, Nancy pleaded that she couldn't help pay for a gravestone, even though no one else in the family could afford one. In the White House Nancy was such a perfectionist that she could spend "an entire day deliberating on the amount of nutmeg to be shaved into a chicken velouté sauce." Her much vaunted anti-drug crusade, Kelley suggests, was little more than a public relations ploy.

And that's not all. Or maybe it's quite

Frank

Before becoming a political supporter, he reportedly derided Reagan's intelligence and told friends Nancy had fat ankles.



Ronnie

Kelley describes one extramarital dalliance. "It was a brief meeting," said the young woman, "but it was very sweet."



George

Nancy supposedly nicknamed him "Whiney" and never forgave him for running against her husband in 1980.



Nancy Reagan

THE UNAUTHORIZED BIOGRAPHY

Kitty Kelley



Patti

From adolescence, she felt rejected and belittled by her parents. "It was like living under a dictatorship," she said.



Maureen

For a wedding present Nancy gave her 36 pewter swizzle sticks topped with Republican elephants.



Nancy's Mother

A bawdy, flamboyant ex-stage actress, Edith Davis supposedly liked to trade dirty jokes with son-in-law Ron.



Michael

At age 14, Nancy's stepson Michael was allowed to move into the Reagan house. But he was relegated to the living-room couch.



Ron Jr.

At 17 he started an affair with Ricky Nelson's wife. According to Kelley, Michael told his father that at least Ron Jr. wasn't gay.

WHAT ABOUT DOE EYES AND OL' BLUE EYES?



enough. The portrait of Nancy Reagan in Kelley's book is so lavishly, unrelentingly negative that it has set off a pair of fierce debates. The first centers on the former First Lady herself. Criticizing Nancy Reagan—a First Lady America never really warmed to—has become something of a cottage industry, and many of Kelley's charges merely reinforce and embellish those in earlier memoirs such as *For the Record: From Wall Street to Washington* by former White House chief of staff Donald Regan. "Had people liked Nancy Reagan in the first place they wouldn't be susceptible to all this dirt," says James Rosebush, the First Lady's former chief of staff. The question is whether Kelley's savage portrayal is gross overkill. Could Nancy Reagan—could anyone—have been such a monster?

But as a growing part of the debate has focused on Kelley and her research tactics. A former *Washington Post* researcher who has written titillating bios of Jacqueline Onassis, Elizabeth Taylor and Sinatra, Kelley claims more than 1,000 people were interviewed for the book, and she flaunts a monstrous list of "acknowledgments" of people she alleges helped her (many of whom say they never spoke with her). But as readers inside and outside the Washington Beltway pored over the book last week, Kelley's journalistic methods were coming under sharp scrutiny. Did she write a responsible work of journalism or a sleazy hatchet job?

Four years in the making, *Nancy Reagan: The Unauthorized Biography* burst onto the scene after a deftly orchestrated public relations buildup. Unlike most major books, which are released to reviewers weeks or months in advance of publication,

Kelley's manuscript was carefully withheld from the press. During editing, only five copies of the manuscript were printed; each was numbered and kept track of at all times. Simon & Schuster staff members even took copies home at night to guard against leaks. One special reader got the book a month in advance: cartoonist Garry Trudeau was allowed an early peek so he could prepare a week's worth of *Doonesbury* strips to coincide with the book's release.

If Frank Sinatra and Nancy Reagan had an affair, the evidence is not supplied by Kitty Kelley. The author implies that the romance started while Ronald Reagan was Governor of California, but she doesn't say in what year. After alleging that "the affair . . . continued for years," Kelley jumps ahead to the Reagan presidency, when Nancy and Frank occasionally lunched together. "We always knew better than to ever interrupt those private 'luncheons,'" she quotes a White House staff member. "The family quarters were off limits to everyone during that time . . . She usually would arrange those 'lunches' when the President was out of town, and they'd last from about 12:30 to 3:30 or 4:00 p.m. . . . When the First Lady was with Frank Sinatra, she was not to be disturbed. For anything. And that included a call from the President himself."

That's it, folks. Never mind that Nancy Reagan always had her calls held when she was lunching with a guest, male or female. Kelley's nine other references to the relationship—indexed under "Sinatra, Frank, Nancy and"—deal mostly with Nancy mooning over Frank, Frank serenading Nancy. Little is new here. Kelley recounted much of this in her 1986 biography of Sinatra, *His Way*. Even the intimate-lunch stuff is recycled—though greater innuendo is achieved in the second go-around by sandwiching the word *luncheons* between quotation marks. ■

The crowds rushing to buy the book were bigger than anyone could have anticipated. In one day the entire first printing of 600,000 had been shipped; by week's end 925,000 copies were in print. Said Simon & Schuster publisher Jack McKeown: "Booksellers are telling us it's the fastest-selling book they've ever experienced." Enthused Matthew Goldberg, merchandise manager for the Doubleday chain: "It's not only hot, it's supernova hot."

THE KELLEY GIRLS AND BOYS



In her acknowledgments, Kitty Kelley thanks eight U.S. researchers, whom she later credited with conducting about 15% of the book's interviews. The question is, Did those researchers always make clear to their interview subjects that they were working for Kelley? Apparently not. First Daughter Patti Davis claims she was misled by two Kelley researchers who misrepresented their affiliation.

Others may have been similarly duped. A veteran East Coast journalist recalls, "A Kelley researcher approached me a few years ago and asked if I'd be interested in doing legwork for Kelley. She said the problem was that the people they needed to contact ordinarily would talk to the press, but they wouldn't talk to Kitty Kelley because she has such a bad reputation. I was told that to get the interviews, I might have to fudge whom I was doing the story for." The journalist asked what that meant. "She said she was telling sources that she was from a magazine," he says. "She suggested I could use one of my free-lance outlets." He turned down the assignment. "Ethically," he says, "it was a problem for me." ■

Books

The reaction from the book's subjects has been just as hot. Nancy Reagan has thus far refused any comment, though friends described her as "profoundly upset" at Kelley's attack. Ronald Reagan put out a statement seething with outrage: "The flagrant and absurd falsehoods... clearly exceed the bounds of decency." A phalanx of Reagan friends and former advisers lashed out at the book, both in whole and in parts. Sheila Tate, Nancy Reagan's former press secretary, charged that there are 20 factual errors in the passages involving her alone. She described the purported Nancy Reagan-Frank Sinatra tryst in the White House as "pure horse manure." Michael Reagan, Nancy's stepson, also jumped to her defense. "Gossip is one thing, and smut is another," he said. "This is smut."

Even Barbara Bush, whose relations with Nancy Reagan have been distant at best, attacked the book as "trash and fiction." She specifically disputed one episode: Barbara Bush did not, as the book relates, give Nancy Reagan a white vine wreath one Christmas—a wreath Nancy supposedly had gift-wrapped and sent to a friend in California. Every window at the White House, the current First Lady pointed out, already has a wreath at Christmastime. "If you're going to make up a story," she said, "you can make up a better one than that." Nancy called Barbara Bush last week to thank her for the comments.

Kelley weathered the weeklong storm by fielding increasingly aggressive questions in TV interviews. "You just spend your time digging up ugliness about people," one audience member scolded on *Sally Jessy Raphael*. "I don't know how you sleep at night." Kelley's perky, predigested reply: "I didn't live the life. She did." Pressed about the Sinatra/Nancy encounters at the White House, Kelley let the innuendos speak for themselves: "I only take you up to the bedroom door." To the growing chorus of denials from principals in the book, she professed unconcern: "People are going to step forward and try to deny things I have said." Yet by the end of the week the heat seemed to have worn her down: Kelley's publicists abruptly called off a planned seven-city publicity tour, announcing that their "publishing objectives have been accomplished."

And what is a reader to make of the book at the center of this tornado? First, while *Nancy Reagan: The Unauthorized Biography* may be mean-spirited, it is no mean achievement. The book is exhaustively researched, packed with quotes (a surprising number of them with names attached), anecdotes and detail. To be sure, much of this is not new: Kelley mixes original quotes indiscriminately with recycled material from other books and articles, and fudges the notes at the end so the

reader often cannot tell which is which. Still, much of the portrait—Nancy's difficult relationship with her children, her obsessive attention to detail as a White House hostess—rings true. Treated simply as a compendium of all the scraps a team of diligent researchers could gather about Nancy Reagan, it serves at least one historical function. It reveals

comments from actual witnesses. (And sometimes more weight.) This ascribes far too much authority to what may be nothing more than idle gossip or office chitchat. It also fails to account for sources who may have their own axes to grind.

For example, Kelley quotes at length Shirley Watkins—identified as "one of

HEY, DIDN'T YOU GUYS PUBLISH THE OTHER ONE?

Talk about having your cake and eating it too. In 1989 Simon & Schuster published a collection of Ronald Reagan's speeches, *Speaking My Mind*. Last year it brought out Reagan's memoir, *An American Life*. Now the S&S list boasts another

Reagan classic—Kitty Kelley's, that is.

The talk in publishing circles is that Reagan's autobiography has failed to earn back his multi-million advance—though S&S spokesmen deny that Reagan's memoir was either a failure or a disappointment. But there seems little doubt that the company will recoup Kelley's advance—reportedly \$3.5 million. "The book ran through its original printing of 600,000 within one day," says Victoria Meyer, S&S publicity director. By Wednesday it was up to a third printing totaling 775,000. By week's end 925,000 copies were in print.

Does S&S have any qualms about releasing Kelley's salacious exposé only a few months after the former President's memoir? "There's room for a diversity of books," says Meyer. "We don't have any political ax to grind." ■



that many, many people didn't like her.

The problem is that in marshaling her case against the former First Lady, Kelley's book is so slanted that its credibility is called into question at every turn. She uses a variety of techniques that would not pass muster with most reputable news organizations. Some examples:

Print the quote, whatever the source.

For Kelley, all sources are treated as equal. The recollections of an unnamed secretary repeating thirdhand gossip are given the same weight as on-the-record

Mrs. Reagan's secretaries"—describing the cynical way in which Nancy Reagan and her advisers tried to mold her public image. When it was suggested that Mrs. Reagan meet with a little boy dying of muscular dystrophy, Watkins recalls that a top aide replied, "Absolutely not. The First Lady doesn't want her picture taken with some drooly kid on a respirator. It's too disgusting."

According to Gahl Hodges Burt, White House social secretary during the Reagan years, Shirley Watkins was a com-

puter technician whose job was to answer phones and record visitors' names. "She never saw Nancy Reagan and never saw me," says Burt. "If those are the kinds of sources being used, it's really shocking."

Highlight the charges; never mind the corroboration. One of the book's more sensational, if most trivial, allegations is that the Reagans took puffs on a marijuana cigarette at a dinner party hosted by Alfred and Betsy Bloomingdale during Reagan's tenure as California Governor. Supposedly Alfred Bloomingdale went upstairs after dessert, brought down the joint and passed it around to the guests, who included the George Burnses and the Jack Bennys. "Within five minutes they all started giggling," writes Kelley, "but claimed they didn't feel a thing and said they couldn't see what the big deal was."

The anecdote comes from Sheldon Davis, Bloomingdale's former executive assistant, who claims Bloomingdale related the incident in the office the following Monday. Only in the notes at the end of the book does Kelley admit she tried in vain to corroborate the story. Three friends of the Bloomingdales are quoted; all say they never heard the story. Few newspapers would print a charge on such flimsy evidence. (Betsy Bloomingdale last week called the story "unbelievable. It of course never happened.")

Use quotes selectively. Kelley frequently rehearses material that has been published elsewhere—in itself no crime. But her selection of which parts to quote and which to leave out reveal her motives. For example, she describes an episode in which Nancy, after an angry encounter with her stepson Michael, then 16, callously told him he had been born out of wedlock to an army sergeant who had gone overseas and never returned. Writes Kelley: "Michael said he was rocked by the heartless way he received the news... 'I guess I expected Nancy to be more sympathetic,' he said years later."

The account is taken entirely from Michael Reagan's own memoir, *On the Outside Looking In*. Yet Kelley leaves out the sentences that show his more complex feelings about the incident. "For years I resented Nancy for telling me the truth about my blood parents," Reagan wrote. "Looking back, I really can't blame her. I had provoked and pushed her to the breaking point." Michael Reagan considers Kelley's account distorted: "She shows just one side of the story and doesn't tie it all in

to what else was happening back then."

Exaggerate and oversimplify. Kelley hammers home the widespread view that Nancy Reagan wielded great power behind the scenes at the White House. Yet she damages her credibility as a political observer with hyperbole and distortions. At one point she provides a list of "Nancy-inspired firings and forced resignations" among top Reagan officials. Along

Kelley shows little grasp of Nancy Reagan's real contributions to the Administration. The First Lady was an astute political adviser on many matters. She played an important role, for instance, in getting Reagan to realize the severity of the trouble his presidency was in over the Iran-contra scandal.

Yet Kelley wrongly implies Nancy Reagan had a major hand in shaping foreign policy. In one encounter described in the book, President Reagan's aides showed him an agenda for his Geneva summit with Mikhail Gorbachev in 1985. The President asked whether the agenda had been shown to Nancy yet. No, he was told. "Get back to me after she's passed on it," he said. The reason for his concern was almost certainly Nancy's obsession with coordinating his schedule with the astrological charts—a revelation that came out years ago. But Kelley uses the incident to imply, misleadingly, that the First Lady was involved in substantive planning of the summit's agenda.

Even if the end product were more balanced and authoritative, Kelley's reporting techniques would raise serious ethical problems. Many supposed sources for the book have denied ever having spoken with Kelley. In many cases interviews for the book were done by researchers working for Kelley but hiding that fact. Others who admit they talked with Kelley were startled to see the way their remarks were embellished and given more weight than they deserved. Gene Nelson, the former actor and dancer who lived with Maureen Reagan for three years, is quoted at length, talking about Nancy's estrangement from her stepdaughter. Nelson remembers being interviewed by Kelley but calls her a "master of embroidery." One of her techniques: "She sets up some of my 'quotes' with 'Nancy'

to me...' But Nancy rarely told me anything directly."

A reporter at *People*, assigned to ensure the correctness of the facts in a 1988 story by Kelley about Judith Exner and John F. Kennedy, said working with the author was "an absolute nightmare. Kitty did not care about accuracy." Others have said the same thing, but lawyers have found it difficult to nail her on libel grounds. No libel suit, for example, was ever brought over her sensational biogra-



**I SAID
WHAT?
YOU
GOTTA
BE
KIDDING**

The dust jacket boasts of "over 1,000 interviews." On page 5, Kitty Kelley clarifies the precise number of interviews tape-recorded for her book: 1,002. The next seven pages acknowledge nearly 1,000 sources, whom Kelley thanks "for their help." More than a few people were astounded to discover their names on that list.

"I've never talked to the woman in my life, or to anyone who said they represented her," says stepson Michael Reagan, above. Ditto White House aide Ed Rollins, actress Ann Doran and Nancy Reagan's former chief of staff, Peter McCoy. TIME editor at large Strobe Talbott, who is also thanked for his cooperation, recalls meeting Kelley once but that the only question he ever answered was "How are you?"

Michael Reagan had a hunch about his own alleged contributions. He said the quotes and anecdotes attributed to him were lifted from his 1988 book, *Michael Reagan: On the Outside Looking In*. Comparison of passages from the two books indicates that some material was, indeed, drawn almost verbatim from his book—although inconvenient details that painted Nancy in a better light were omitted. "All she did was read my book, concoct stories around it and put it back into her book," he charges. "That's plagiarism."

with a few Nancy Reagan did indeed play a role in removing (like former chief of staff Donald Regan) are a number she had little or nothing to do with, such as former Secretary of State Alexander Haig. What's more, Kelley fails to note that much of Nancy's advice had little effect on her husband. She started pushing for the ouster of Edwin Meese as early as 1982, for example, but Reagan stubbornly held on to his longtime adviser until Meese resigned in 1988.

Books

phy of Sinatra in which she described the singer as a boor who ate ham and eggs off the chest of a prostitute and slammed a woman through a plate-glass window. Says a former Sinatra lawyer: "She has read all the defamation cases very carefully and operates right on the edge."

For all the denials and disclaimers that have greeted the Nancy Reagan book, a number of insiders contend that the overall portrait is surprisingly accurate. Though Patti Davis denied one of Kelley's major allegations—that Davis had several abortions—she remarked that "Kitty got a lot of things right, from what I have heard." A former Nancy Reagan aide, after reading the passages in which he was involved, expressed surprise at their accuracy: "I must admit I have more respect for [Kelley] now." Jody Jacobs, a former editor for *Women's Wear Daily* and the *Los Angeles Times* who is quoted several times in the book, called Kelley a thorough and conscientious reporter and the book "a realistic picture of Nancy."

To be sure, disputes over quotes, anecdotes and interpretations are to be expected when a biography takes a strong point of view on a controversial figure. The question is whether Kelley has done the essential job of the biographer: to weigh all the evidence responsibly, place it in some kind of perspective and attempt to reach a psychological understanding of



NOW THE REAL DIRT *

the subject. And that Kelley certainly has not done. "She will quote anybody who says anything against Nancy Reagan," said historian Garry Wills, author of *Reagan's America: The Innocents at Home*. "She doesn't put Nancy's actions in context, so you can't tell what's important from what's unimportant. She offers no framework of understanding." Comment-

ed Robert Caro, who has written two volumes of a biography of Lyndon Johnson: "A biography is not merely the recording and regurgitating of interviews. It's important to try to assess the impact of someone's life on political and social history."

Others point out, however, that Kelley's approach is becoming increasingly common in today's gossip-obsessed press. Gay Talese, author of *The Kingdom and the Power*, attacked the "holier-than-thou" attitude of many journalists over Kelley's work. "What Kitty Kelley represents is what most newspaper and magazine reporting is all about," he said. "Anyone in journalism who criticizes Kitty Kelley should examine themselves first."

The problem here may be one of definition. Kelley's book falls short of the standards of serious biography: it is too sloppy in its scholarship, too uncritical of its sources, too single-minded in its pursuit of the sensational and salacious. In a sense, the book is a compilation of the sort of speculation, free-wheeling opinions and water-

cooler gossip that journalists hear every day but that rarely make it into the news pages. As such, it has an understandable fascination—and possibly some historical validity. Water-cooler gossip, after all, is not only entertaining. Sometimes it contains pieces of the truth.

—Reported by
Ann Blackman/Washington, Wendy Cole/New York and Edwin M. Reingold/Los Angeles



After slogging through 509 pages of text, some readers might be tempted to skip the 42 pages of "Notes" appended at the end. But these notes are not the dry citation of sources found in traditional biographies; in true Kitty fashion, these passages are larded with eye-opening tidbits, some scandalous, some merely fascinating and many of them absolutely unprovable. The scrupulous reader will learn:

* Alleged details of Nancy Reagan's sex life as a Hollywood starlet that at least one publisher found too tasteless to publish.

* The scoop on how gossip columnist Liz Smith allegedly altered the wording of an item concerning Nancy's "defection" from the Phoenix House drug program after Nancy phoned and "yelled at" her.

* Unsubstantiated rumormongering about Ron Jr.'s alleged sexual preferences.

* An account of Nancy's "money-saving trick" of telling friends who wished to send her flowers the name of her Beverly Hills

florist. That man, in turn, was instructed to hold the flowers but phone the First Lady, so she could write the appropriate thank-you note. The amount of the arrangement was then credited to Nancy's account so she could draw on that reserve when she wanted to send flowers herself.

* And (gasp!) a lengthy anecdote about the day a staff member clandestinely used Nancy's hairdresser to fix her own tresses.

The notes also feature some outright denials of incidents that are recounted in the main text. The narrative, for instance, states that actress Rhonda Fleming was one of several women Ronald Reagan "began seeing" at the same time he was courting Nancy. In her notes, Kelley first gilds the story, reprinting an incident from a 1988 book by Chicago *Sun-Times* columnist Irv Kupcinet that claims that one night "Reagan pulled out a gun and fired a shot at [Fleming]." In the next paragraph, however, Fleming denies the gun incident and says, "There was never any romance between Ronnie Reagan and me." Oh.

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The Company You Keep.*

Meeow! The Saga Of Kitty

*The former Lilac Princess
has the world on a leash,
so don't mess with her*

By JESSE BIRNBAUM

Tired of hearing about that ambitious woman who climbed her way from a humble background to fame, fortune and a White House closetful of red Adolfo suits? Try this for a hot biography. There's this poor little rich girl in Spokane, kind of a Shirley Temple type. Dad's a lawyer, Mom's a tough lady who likes to nip at the bottle. Despite the kid's pitiful efforts to please her mom, all she gets is a hard time.

Home is a trap, but at school the kid shucks all that and really blossoms. She's everywhere. The school dances, the annual town parade, the pep squad, the pick of the boys. O.K., so she's not an Einstein, gradewise, but she gets a college degree and dumps that dreary town and her painful homelife and heads for the Big Time.

A job or so later, she's in Washington, working for a real U.S. Senator and salivating around the powerful. She's primarily a receptionist, but it looks better on her résumé to list press secretary. It's no big deal. Then it's on to a newspaper and a career in journalism. This leads to writing books jammed with dirt on famous people. Soon she's pulling in zillions. She owns a mansion, wears designer clothes, chums with notables at glittering parties. Makes a lot of friends. Makes a lot more enemies, thanks to her inimitable way with the rumors that she generates for her best sellers. Maybe sends a few anonymous letters to warn off folks who are searching for the real person behind all that pizzazz. The lady got the world on a leash.

Could this be the real-life story of Kitty Kelley? Only if it falls into the category of vacuum-cleaner journalism, sucking up every stray fact and innuendo and without trying to sift the important from the trivial. Kelley has raised the practice of prattling about the rich and famous to high artifice, so perhaps that is why she dodges full-dress interviews about her past with the nimbleness of a faun in a forest fire.

"Sources," the journalist's staple, are not much help either in piecing together



Blond cotton-candy hair, a breathless voice and handy with the vacuum cleaner

Kelley's life. They fall into two categories: praise from admiring friends and unkind remarks from a larger number of uneasy people, most of whom insist on anonymity, often because they fear Kelley's wrath. In Washington, where gossip is never in deficit, Kitty Kelley, 49, commands clout. She could write a book. About you.

Journalists who have limned her, or tried, believe Kelley is capable of the same kind of petty reprisals and organized stonewalling that she herself has confronted over the years in her incessant Hoovering of famous figures. After Washington Post book critic Jonathan Yardley panned Kelley's biography of Elizabeth Taylor in 1981, he received a gilded Gucci box wrapped with gold ribbon. "Inside," says Yardley, "was a bag of fish heads and a postcard of Liz Taylor giving me the finger." The card was signed, "From the friends of Kitty Kelley."

Even more curious was the experience of free-lancer Gerri Hirshey, who wrote a 9,000-word article on Kelley for the Washington Post Magazine in 1988 without, despite repeated efforts, interviewing Kelley; she was too busy. While researching the story, however, Hirshey received a number of unsolicited letters, some unsigned, all postmarked from different parts of the country, most offering flattering tidbits about Kelley's childhood and professional

life. Hirshey sent the notes to a former CIA forensics expert, along with samples of Kelley's business correspondence. The expert concluded that three of the letters had been typed on the same machine that Kelley used for her business mail. (Reached by TIME last week, the expert confirmed the analysis.) When Hirshey queried Kelley's lawyer about the typewriter, he replied, "No such machine is owned."

What Kelley would probably admit she possesses, apart from blond cotton-candy hair, a breathless voice and a historic mansion in Washington's fancy Georgetown ghetto, is a drive for nonstop work and a tenacity that borders on obsession. Enemies and friends agree on that.

The former, of course, decline to be named but readily stamp Kelley as someone you'd hate to have for a dinner partner, let alone a confidant: "She will suck you into her world and then betray you... She craves attention." Or, "She exploits people, and I don't like to mess with her."

On the other hand, says Washington columnist Marianne Means, Kitty is "very warm. She's not secretive, but she doesn't talk about herself a lot. She's fun to be with." Jack Limpert, editor of *Washingtonian* magazine, which lists Kelley on the masthead, says, "She's a relentless reporter. You've got to give it to her. She works very hard." Limpert does not discuss the widespread conviction of other journalists,

as well as Kelley's own subjects, that she too frequently fails to bring perspective or analysis to the fruits of her reporting and at times lards her work with dollops of questionable inferences and innuendos.

This is not the same sweet, pudgy, pig-tailed little girl who grew up in a fashionable district of Spokane, the oldest of seven children of a prosperous Irish lawyer. Kitty's homelife, according to Gerri Hirshey, was mean and hard. She did not get along well with her heavy-drinking mother, a strict disciplinarian who padlocked the family refrigerator.

At Holy Names Academy she was gregarious and peppy; Sister Bernadine Casey remembers a "pleasant, lovely and active student" who had a "gift for writing." Kitty made the cheerleading squad and was elected "Friendliest Girl" for four years running. She was chosen the school's "Lilac Princess," and rode a float in the annual Lilac Festival parade.

"She was always somebody who couldn't be ignored," says Phil Shinnick, a school chum and currently a research scientist in Brooklyn. "She was queen of the prom and a street fighter. She had an aura about her. She was physically well endowed and always got the best guy." Her beau in those days was Tom Shine, now a Spokane architect. The romance did not last. "We came from different backgrounds," Shine recalled last week. "I knew she wanted to leave Spokane and do other things."

In 1964 Kitty graduated from the University of Washington in Seattle with a bachelor's degree in English. She taught school briefly and then headed East, first to New York City, where she was a hostess at the World's Fair, then to Washington, where she joined the staff of Senator Eugene McCarthy. Was she McCarthy's press secretary, as the book jacket on her biography of Jackie Onassis claimed? "She was a good receptionist," said McCarthy, but she also handed out press releases. The jacket blurb was later revised.

In 1969 Kelley moved over to the Washington Post as an editorial-page researcher; two years later, she was asked to resign for making notes unrelated to her job. One day in 1973 she turned up at Washingtonian magazine with an unpublished book written by the novelist Barbara Howar. Kitty claimed that she had found the manuscript in the drawer of a table sold at Howar's yard sale and wanted the Washingtonian to print excerpts. When Howar heard about it, she raised a mighty fuss; only one copy of the manuscript existed, she said, and this she kept on the third floor of her house, far from the milling buyers in the yard. The magazine dropped the project, but not before Howar spent \$16,000 in legal fees to reclaim her work.



In 1967 with photo of herself as a Gene McCarthy staffer
Did she work as his press secretary? Well, try receptionist.

By now, Kelley was finding her métier: rummaging through people's secrets, real and imagined. She wrote a free-lance article about resorts where the rich and famous frolicked, and parlayed the piece into *The Glamour Spas*, a book flecked with naughty

gossip. This brought her to the attention of New Jersey celebrity-book publisher Lyle Stuart, who sent her off to do a job on Jackie Onassis. Kelley's friend at the time, gossip columnist Liz Smith, gave her voluminous files on Jackie, and Kitty set out on a tireless quest for the down and dirty. The book, *Jackie Oh!*, revealed little that had not been told before, but it was a best seller nonetheless.

Next, Kitty wanted to take on an easy target, Liz Taylor, but Stuart balked. Kitty acceded herself out of her contract with him, took her proposal to Simon & Schuster, got an advance of \$150,000 and in 1981 produced another prurient best seller.

What surprised critics and readers, and possibly even Kelley herself, was the thoroughness of her next effort, *His Way*, a devastating biography of Frank Sinatra. Even before the manuscript was completed, the singer had mounted an all-out campaign to dry up Kelley's sources. When that did not prove sufficient, he filed suit claiming that

Kitty was misrepresenting herself to sources and failing to disclose her reasons for writing the book. But Sinatra had never had to deal with so determined an opponent. Kelley argued that Sinatra was trying to prevent her from publishing freely; Sinatra's lawyers finally dropped the suit. The book, which detailed Sinatra's fabled womanizing, his alleged Mob connections and two suicide attempts, received respectful reviews. More than 3 million copies have been printed in hard-cover and paperback.

That was the first time, and possibly the last, that Kelley would be credited with a well-documented and largely accurate portrayal of her subject. Dan Moldea, a Washington author who specializes in organized crime and who supplied Kelley with sources, admires the book, though he is annoyed, he says, because Kitty undermined him by telling a competitor when his own book was due to be published. "One thing Kitty has always wanted," he says now, "is public respect and legitimacy as an author and a journalist. She achieved that with the Sinatra book, but *Nancy Reagan* is not going to stand up."

Meanwhile, readers who cannot get enough of slasher bios will have a chance later this spring to buy another one. Tentative title: *Poison Pen: The Unauthorized Biography of Kitty Kelley*. The book will be published by Lyle Stuart, who is still chafing over Kitty's defection; the writer is George Carpozi Jr., who works for the tabloid *Star*. Kitty professes to be unconcerned. The book may not be destined for the best-seller lists, but at least it should bring a smile to four people named Jackie, Liz, Frank and Nancy.

—Reported by Ann Blackman/
Washington and D. Blake Hallanan/San Francisco,
with other bureaus

THE TWO NANCYS AND JACKSON



Pssst! Have You Heard the One About Augustus?

Good biographies take bad behavior for granted

By PAUL GRAY

As a literary phenomenon, there is less to *Nancy Reagan* than meets the eye. Kitty Kelley is hardly the only slash-and-burn chronicler currently at work. Her smartest move has been to choose living victims for her killer bios; speaking ill of the dead (Albert Goldman on Elvis and John Lennon, Arianna Stassinopoulos Huffington on Pablo Picasso) is profitable but a tad less sensational. And the instant renown achieved by Kelley's *Nancy* does not really signal the end of civilization as we have known it. Good, balanced, substantial biographies about controversial figures continue to appear and win notice. Last week *Jackson Pollock: An American Saga*, written by two obscure authors, won a Pulitzer Prize.

Still, these are undeniably salad days for people interested in reading about scandal in high places. Never mind that this has been true for roughly the past 3,000 years. What of the adultery between a queen and a prince that launched a 10-year war and ruined a nation? *The Iliad* is the place to bone up on that one. Then there was King David of Israel. One day, while strolling on his rooftop, he spied a woman bathing and summoned her (nudge, wink) to his royal presence. After Bathsheba told him she had become pregnant, the King 1) tried to trick her husband, a loyal if unimaginative soldier, into sleeping with his wife and 2) when that failed, arranged for the unwitting cuckold to be placed in optimum jeopardy during a battle with the Ammonites. Shocking stuff, told with no holds barred in the Old Testament.

For random polymorphous perversity, it would be hard to top *The Twelve Caesars* by Gaius Suetonius Tranquillus (born circa A.D. 69). A classic capital insider, Suetonius served as chief secretary to the Emperor Hadrian and wrote a number of books that certainly sound like best sellers, most of them, unfortunately, now lost. Connoisseurs of the carnal particularly lament the disappearance of his *Lives of Famous Whores*. But *The Twelve Caesars* still packs plenty of punch per sesterce: Augustus as an elderly man, relentlessly deflowering virgins, some of them procured for him by his wife; Tiberius training young boys, whom he dubbed his "minnows," to nibble at him lasciviously during his swims.

So there is nothing new about biographies that portray the bad or disreputable along with the good. Outrageous conduct might incur punishment somewhere down the line, but that was an important part of the story. Men could lead mighty armies, forge tribes into nations and still behave like swine; women could embody all the public virtues and pi-

eties and then drop poison into wine goblets or turn into manipulative she-devils in the boudoir. Of course. What else is new?

That tolerance, though, dwindled, thanks in large part to the spread of Christianity in the West. The notion grew that there were admirable lives (hagiographies) to be emulated and horrible examples to avoid. The old curiosity remained, to be sure; how else to explain the legends about Napoleon's sexual capacities and the insatiability of Catherine the Great? But the theological abyss between the saved and the damned strained the pursuit of objective truth. In the 18th century, Dr. Samuel Johnson, a devout Christian and a leading biographer of his age, complained, "There are many who think it an act of piety to hide the faults or failings of their friends, even when they can no longer suffer by their detection; we therefore see

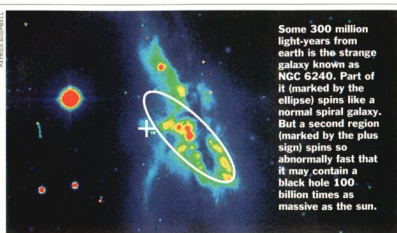
whole ranks of characters adorned with uniform paegeyrick, and not to be known from one another but by extrinsic and casual circumstances."

Among those paying attention was the young Scotsman James Boswell, whose *Life of Johnson* (1791) remains the greatest biography in the English language. Boswell revealed nothing particularly scandalous about his subject; it remained for later scholars to exhume hints suggesting Dr. Johnson's fondness for being tied up and whipped. But the overwhelming intimacy of the *Life of Johnson*—its almost minute-by-minute portrait of a volatile genius—sent shock waves throughout the 19th century and caused a number of noteworthy people to guard their privacy and papers with increased diligence.

What they feared was pretty much exactly what followed: the exposing of personal foibles for public inspection. Lord Byron became a celebrity because of his poetry and a reprobate and rogue thanks to allegations about his sexual relations with his half sister. Charles Dickens tried to disguise his relationship with the young actress Ellen Ternan, all for naught, since suspicions about its true nature flourished then and ever since. Lytton Strachey's *Eminent Victorians* wickedly and fastidiously punctured an era of hypocrisy, and the writings of Sigmund Freud unleashed the psychological deluge.

That tide is still running and with it the mistaken notion that weaknesses not only constitute part of human nature but absolutely define it. Suetonius would be amazed at the likes of Kelley and at the prospect of biography as target shooting. When the Roman noted in passing that Augustus had been accused of effeminacy and of softening the hair on his legs by singing them with red-hot walnut shells, the information was presented as simply another part of a complex mosaic of personality. Nothing to get excited about or to stop the presses for. Nancy Reagan should have been so lucky. ■





Some 300 million light-years from earth is the strange galaxy known as NGC 6240. Part of it (marked by the ellipse) spins like a normal spiral galaxy. But a second region (marked by the plus sign) spins so abnormally fast that it may contain a black hole 100 billion times as massive as the sun.

Space

Mystery of the Cosmic Monster

Talk of a mammoth black hole is giving astronomers headaches

Astronomers and physicists have learned repeatedly that the universe is more creative than they are. Time and again they have peered closely at the cosmos and discovered some object or phenomenon that they had never imagined could exist. The latest surprise came last week, and it forced scientists to drop whatever they were doing and scribble hurried calculations, even on napkins and scraps of envelopes. A report in the *Astrophysical Journal* claimed that something gigantic is hiding in the core of a distant galaxy called NGC 6240. Perhaps it is a black hole, a concentration of matter so dense that not even light can escape its powerful gravity. If so, it is more massive by far than any black hole ever detected. Or it may be something so bizarre that it does not fit into existing theories.

The history of science is full of similar discoveries, some of which have revolutionized ideas about the universe and many of which turned out to be less than they had seemed. In the former category, for example, is the 1936 discovery of a new particle, the muon, an elementary particle similar to the electron but more massive. Existing theories had predicted no such thing, and its appearance greatly complicated high-energy physics. "Who ordered that?" grumbled theorist I.I. Rabi at the time. But the muon and its kin led eventually to a new understanding of the subatomic world.

And then there are the breakthroughs that become embarrassments. Cold fusion is probably in this category. So is the discovery, reported two years ago, that under certain conditions a gyroscope weighs less when spun upside down. If that were true,

it would force scientists to rewrite the laws of gravity.

Now comes the mysterious phenomenon in NGC 6240. It was first spotted in 1986 by astronomers working with a University of Hawaii telescope, but they checked and rechecked their puzzling findings before finally publishing a report last week. At first blush, it looks temptingly revolutionary. The apparent object is invisible, detectable only by its gravitational pull on surrounding gases. Calculation pegs its mass at about 100 billion times the mass of the sun, or about as much as the entire Milky Way. Yet it is squeezed into a mere 3,000 light-years, only about one-thirtieth the diameter of the Milky Way. The mass could come from tightly packed stars, but then their light should be blazingly bright, contend the report's authors. The only other choices: a black hole of unprecedented proportions, or some even more peculiar form of matter.

NGC 6240 is an abnormal galaxy though. In fact, it is really two galaxies in the process of colliding. The violence of the collision may account for the unexpected forces at work, rather than a black hole or some other strange object. And even if there is a great mass in the galaxy, it could be made of ordinary stars. All it would take to hide these would be a veil of dust.

At an informal lunch last week, members of Princeton's prestigious astrophysics department checked their envelopes and napkins and gave this discovery a preliminary thumbs-down. They think a simple explanation for the mystery of NGC 6240 will be found. All would admit, however, that they have been surprised before—and will be again.

—By Michael D. Lemonick

Milestones

TEMPORARILY REINSTATED. Daryl Gates, 64, controversial Los Angeles police chief; by a superior court judge. Gates was suspended for 60 days with pay by the city's police commission two weeks ago in an attempt to dampen the continuing outcry over the videotaped beating of a black motorist by white policemen last month. A hearing has been set for April 25.

REJECTED. Kenneth Ryskamp, 58, Florida federal district judge nominated by President Bush to fill a vacancy on the 11th Circuit Court of Appeals; by the Senate Judiciary Committee. Ryskamp, the first of Bush's 77 judicial appointees to be turned down, had been widely criticized for belonging to a Coral Gables country club that had reputedly discriminated against blacks and Jews, as well as for controversial remarks.

AILING. Michael Landon, 54, veteran actor who first attracted attention in the title role of the 1957 film *I Was a Teenage Werewolf*; played Little Joe Cartwright in the long-running television series *Bonanza* and wrote, directed and starred in *Little House on the Prairie*; with inoperable cancer of the pancreas and liver; in Malibu, Calif.

HOSPITALIZED. Bill ("The Shoe") Shoemaker, 59, the most successful jockey in Thoroughbred-racing history; with paralyzed limbs, a broken pelvis and internal injuries suffered when his four-wheel-drive vehicle plunged down a 50-ft. embankment in an apparently alcohol-related accident; in Inglewood, Calif. Shoemaker, who became a trainer after retiring 14 months ago, won 8,833 races and purses worth \$123.4 million during his 41-year career.

DIED. Ruth Page, 92, pioneering ballet dancer and choreographer; in Chicago. Page, whose distinctly American works include the first jazz ballet (*Blues*, 1928), the first commissioned ballet score by Aaron Copland (*Hear Ye! Hear Ye!*, 1934) and the once censored *Frankie and Johnny* (1938), also staged Soviet dancer Rudolf Nureyev's U.S. debut in 1962.

DEATH REVEALED. Charles Goren, 90, contract-bridge champion whose syndicated newspaper column and how-to books became synonymous with the game; on April 3; in Encino, Calif. Goren, who became known as "Mr. Bridge" in the 1950s and was formally accorded the title by the American Contract Bridge League in 1969, introduced a point-counting system that is still used by most American bridge players.





WHAT TO DO WHEN YOUR FAMILY OUTGROWS THE LOTUS.

THE TURBO WAGON
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Health

Watch What You Eat, Kid

A U.S. panel urges better diets and cholesterol tests for children, but the report draws fire from both sides of the issue

By ANASTASIA TOUFEXIS

Deny a child an ice-cream cone? Take away those glazed doughnuts? Or that double cheeseburger, fries and milk shake? It sounds cruel and downright un-American. Everyone knows that adults should watch their diets and cholesterol levels, but is it really necessary for junk-food-loving youngsters to do the same?

Yes, according to a report issued last week by the National Cholesterol Education Program of the National Heart, Lung and Blood Institute. The NCEP's medical experts concluded that the best way to avoid heart trouble later in life is to take preventive steps early in childhood. The report urges that all children above age two follow the same low-cholesterol, low-fat diet that is recommended for adults. Fat should make up no more than 30% of daily calories. In American children, like adults, fat now accounts for about 36%. The NCEP also calls for blood cholesterol tests in children whose parents or grandparents have histories of heart disease or high cholesterol. Such screening would affect about 15 million youngsters—25% of all kids between the ages of two and 18.

These guidelines have won the endorsement of major health organizations, including the American Heart Association, the American Academy of Pediatrics and the American Medical Association. Despite such consensus, however, much of the medical community is polarized over the entire issue of cholesterol and children. In fact, the NCEP report admittedly takes a middle ground between activists, who advocate even more radical measures, and conservatives, who contend that any intervention in children is premature.

Critics of the aggressive approach point out that the origins of heart disease are still murky. High cholesterol as a child does not necessarily mean high cholesterol as an adult. A study in the *Journal of the American Medical Association* last December, which tracked more than 2,300 young people for 12 years, reported that 30% of boys and 57% of girls who had high cholesterol readings as children had normal levels after reaching their 20s.

Moreover, there are as yet no studies demonstrating that lowering cholesterol in



Creamy cones and other fatty foods are a toddler's delight but a nutritionist's nemesis

childhood directly prevents heart disease in adulthood. Even if the thesis were proved, the benefits might be minimal. By one estimate, 100 to 200 boys (or 300 to 600 girls) would need to follow a cholesterol-lowering diet for 50 years to prevent one premature cardiac death. Says Dr. Thomas Newman, a professor of pediatrics at the University of California at San Francisco: "These benefits are going to be so tiny that it seems unethical to do screening." Not to mention expensive. The NCEP estimates that a program to test 15 million kids will need \$350 million to start up and \$23 million a year thereafter.

Opponents also contend that the activist strategy can spark enormous anxiety in children and their parents. One boy was so depressed at his high cholesterol reading that he refused to join friends at picnics and beach parties. Says Dr. Abraham Bergman of the University of Washington, who has studied the psychological toll on youngsters of benign heart murmurs and sickle-cell trait: "Children pay a price for being labeled." There is concern too that overzealous parents will put their offspring on overly stringent diets that can deprive them of essential calories and nutrients and stunt their growth.

Activists counter that there is plenty of data to support intervention, including clear evidence of incipient heart disease in youngsters. Autopsies of children killed in accidents, for example, have revealed fatty fibrous plaques clogging the coronary arteries of 15-year-olds and fatty deposits along the aortic walls of children as

young as two or three. "We see a strong correlation between cholesterol and these lesions," says Dr. Gerald Berenson, director of the landmark Bogalusa Heart Study that monitored 12,000 children for 18 years. Moreover, youngsters in the U.S. have much higher cholesterol levels than do children in countries like Japan and China, where the diet stresses vegetables over meats and dairy products. In those nations heart disease is less common.

Berenson and others argue that cholesterol testing should be done on all U.S. children. They charge that limiting screening to youngsters in families with a history of high cholesterol or heart disease will miss as many

as 50% of children with a serious cholesterol problem. Among the reasons: parents are often unaware of their own cholesterol level, and many children live in homes where either the parents are absent or where parents and even grandparents are so young that heart disease is not yet evident.

No one can deny that American children have deplorable eating habits. Depending on age, a child gets between 10% and 22% of daily calories from snacks and fast foods, many of which are notoriously high in fats and cholesterol. It is not necessary to cut out these treats altogether, but simple prudence calls for greater moderation. The main problem is that switching to healthier foods is not easy when parents are often such poor role models. Mom and Dad will have to remove those ice-cream cones from their own mouths before they take one out of their child's. —Reported by

Andrew Purvis/New York

TALE OF THE TUBE

Cholesterol guidelines in mg/dL set by NCEP

Children		Adults	
Acceptable		less than 170	less than 200
Borderline		170 to 199	200 to 239
High		200 and above	240 and above

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Sport

It's Coming Back to Me Now!

At 42, George Foreman is duking it out for the heavyweight boxing crown with a much younger man, and middle-aged wheezers everywhere are following his lead

By JOHN SKOW

Who's heavyweight champ?
Dunno. Muhammad Ali.
Aren't the Celts on TV?
O.K., a hint: not Spinks.

Not which Spinks? There was Leon and there was Michael. How about Women's Full Contact Pro Beach Volleyball?

No, look. There's a war; the sentry asks you a question to prove you're American. Who's heavyweight champ?

Right. I got it, Mark Tyson.

It's Mike, and no. Bang, you're dead.

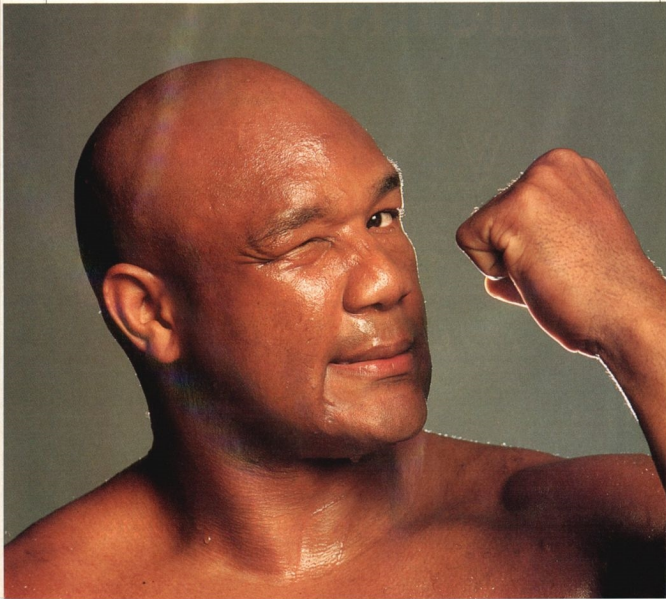
Nah, it's boxing that's dead, has been since Primo Carnera retired. It's a sham and a shuck, lacking the *je ne sais quoi* of monster-truck racing and the visual appeal

of a carton of eggs falling off the kitchen counter. Nobody cares except a couple dozen middle-aged sports editors. If those guys would unplug the publicity tubes...

Hey, check this out. Here's a guy, Evander Holyfield, nice fellow, good manners, *says* he's heavyweight champion.

What's he look like?

Like he delivers for Federal Express.

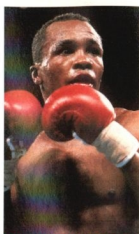




MARK SPITZ
AGE 41



JIM PALMER
AGE 45



SUGAR RAY LEONARD
AGE 34



NOLAN RYAN
AGE 44

No one believes he's a killer, El Supremo, Dr. Death. So this week Holyfield, who's 28, is going to bop this 42-year-old fat guy, George Foreman, on the beezer in Atlantic City. When Holyfield was in fourth grade, Foreman was heavyweight champ.

What's the problem?

Well, Foreman won his title by flattening Joe Frazier, who was no joke. "Course that was back in '73, and the next year Foreman lost to Ali in Zaire. Then he lost to Jimmy Young, who wasn't a joke but wasn't Godzilla either. Foreman quit fighting for 10 years and took up preaching. And eating. But then four years ago, he started fighting again. He beat 24 stiff in a row, 23 by knockouts.

So you're saying...?

The fat old guy could win.

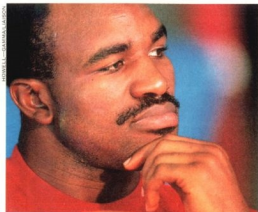
Sure. So could George McGovern in the '92 presidential election. How about a two-George parlay? Giggles or not, giggles or not, a lot of comebacking is being attempted at the world-class level in sports. A reasonable citizen may wonder what Foreman, Bjorn Borg, Larry Holmes, Sugar Ray Leonard, Nancy Lieberman Cline, John McEnroe, Jim Palmer, Mark Spitz and Jill Sterkel have in common. A reasonable answer might be they're nuts. They're all trying, or trying to try, or have recently tried, comebacks, holding high the torch for middle-aged wheezers everywhere.

Doubters generally mention money in a disparaging way when the comeback phenomenon is discussed. Certainly there was a Dead Whale on a Flatcar quality when lardy ex-champ Larry Holmes, 41, TKOed unranked opponent Tim ("Doc") Anderson a couple of weeks ago in Florida. Later that night, perhaps to demonstrate unchainable ferocity, Holmes scuffled

with fighter Trevor Berbick in a hotel driveway. Cameras running, of course. He got a scrawny \$150,000 for the evening and bellyached about it.

Foreman has no reason to grumble. He will get \$12.5 million in pay-TV loot. It will take Roger Clemens, the mannerly Red Sox pitcher who is baseball's highest-paid player, more than two years in the whirlpool to earn that much. But Foreman gives funnier interviews. He claims to have three sons, or five sons, named George Foreman, which is not just funny. It's eerie.

Not everyone agrees that money is dominant in the comeback phenomenon. Sugar Ray Leonard, 34, the gifted middleweight who lost badly to Terry Norris last February at the end of his third comeback, said flatly, "I needed the arena." Not the money. What he describes is not just being recognized by headwaiters. It is the sense of being regarded with awe, almost as a messiah figure. Missing that feeling during three years out of the ring was what led him to recently revealed excesses with drugs and booze. No more. Now, "I'm ready for middle age."



Designated mean guy Holyfield ponders the upcoming bout

Not everyone is. Mark Spitz, 41, now a businessman in Beverly Hills, is the marvelous sprint swimmer who at the '72 Olympics in Munich won seven gold medals in world-record time. Spitz had a world-class mustache and was smashingly handsome. The only knock against him was that he projected the personality of a 22-year-old who had spent a lot of time in swimming pools.

Spitz retired, posed for a poster and got on with his life. He seldom swam the length of a pool. Then a couple of years ago, he began to toy with a goofy idea: that he could make the U.S. Olympic team next year and win a medal in his best event, the 100-m butterfly. It is the one men's event in which times haven't dropped dramatically. Pablo Morales, now retired, holds the record of 52.84 sec., and Spitz's '72 time of 54.27 sec. would have put him seventh at the Seoul Olympics. To make the team next year, Spitz figures, he'll have to swim in the low 53s. He seems keyed up, and, he says, one reason he decided to come back was that "I missed the feeling of being nervous, of having to go out there and perform." At week's end he was poised to swim a \$30,000 match race in the 50-m fly against freestyle sprinter Tom Jager at Mission Viejo, Calif.

Tennis players compete nearly every day and wear out early, but here is Bjorn Borg, 34, the five-time Wimbledon champ, beginning a comeback. There seems to be no physiological reason that Borg, a burnout case at 26, couldn't rank in the Top 10 again. Tennis is much faster now, mostly because of big, composite rackets, and so far Borg intends to use his old wooden relics. But doubters may recall that he remade his game once before, when he added a big serve in 1978 after he had won Wimbledon a couple of times. Tennis comebacks aren't un-

Sport

known; John McEnroe, 32, who was one of the reasons Borg burned out, took a furlough from the game for several months in '86, came back, left again in '87, came back once more, and last fall reached the semifinals of the U.S. Open.

Still, are most comebacks simply arena addiction? Not in Borg's case. He seems to be back now because he needs the money. But the others? Publicity is, of course, a renewable resource, but did Hall of Fame pitcher Jim Palmer really gain any bankable ink this spring by trying a comeback with the Baltimore Orioles at age 45? Palmer made the right jokes but not the right pitches. He was stopped almost instantly by a torn hamstring. Doesn't he look a little silly?

Or could it be that Palmer, Spitz and the others *aren't* being unrealistic? "We've always had this dogma that the human body peaks at age 26 to 28 and then goes

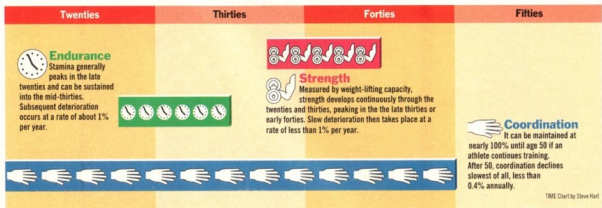
allow himself an off-season, and is said to have perfect mechanics, meaning not just that his arm leverage lets him throw smoke but that his joints don't grind themselves to powder. This makes Ryan, who shows no sign of retiring, an unlikely prospect for a comeback, but never say never.

Women athletes are no less susceptible to ego and endorphins than men, though their comebacks tend to be no-bucks, low-publicity events. But Nancy Lieberman Cline, 32, arguably the best woman basketball player ever, is working out several hours a day to make her third Olympic team, and sprint swimmer Jill Sterkel, 29, hopes to make her fifth. Why do it? Says Lieberman Cline: "As world-class athletes, we are treated special. Since the first moment anyone recognized we had an ounce of talent, we've been spoiled."

He is transforming himself. He's done it before. As a teenager in Houston he was a strong-arm street thug. Then he stumbled into a Job Corps program and turned into a wholehearted achiever. Two years later, at 19, he bludgeoned a Soviet heavyweight for an Olympic gold medal at Mexico City and waved an American flag joyously. He was an oak of a man, with a knee-weakening scowl, when he brutalized Joe Frazier in 1973, and an oak-and-a-half when he lost to Ali in Zaire, 19 months later. He spent money crazily, gave it away, acting the fool, the ex-champ. Then he lost to Jimmy Young in 1977, found God in a haze of heat prostration, and retired.

If Foreman escapes the Parkinson's syndrome that afflicts Ali and some other old fighters, it may be because for 10 years thereafter nobody punched him in the head. In a rough Marshall, Texas, neighborhood of open drainage ditches and

THE BODY'S PEAK PERFORMANCE



TME Chart by Steve Hart

into a slow decline," says Rick Sharp, a professor of exercise physiology at Iowa State University. "But in fact, what we were seeing was not the effects of aging *per se*, but of increasingly sedentary lifestyles." When 50-year-old men and women began running marathons in times that once would have been records, experts began to rethink old ideas about middle age.

According to Dr. Robert Cantu, a Concord, Mass., sports-medicine specialist, athletic ability consists of three elements. Endurance generally peaks in the late 20s and is sustainable into the mid-30s, then deteriorates slowly, at about 1% a year. Strength peaks later, perhaps not until the 40s, then deteriorates even more slowly. Coordination, including reflexes, can be maintained at nearly 100% capability until 50.

Not all the news is good. Recovery time lengthens as the metabolism slows. Arthritic changes wear at joints. Loss of conditioning because of injury or off-seasons creates bigger setbacks for older athletes. Nolan Ryan, the 44-year-old flamethrowing pitcher for the Texas Rangers, doesn't

allow himself an off-season, and is said to have perfect mechanics, meaning not just that his arm leverage lets him throw smoke but that his joints don't grind themselves to powder. This makes Ryan, who shows no sign of retiring, an unlikely prospect for a comeback, but never say never.

Is George Foreman spoiled? No, folks, just nicely ripened. He is a huge man, 6 ft. 4 in. and something like 250 lbs., with a shiny, shaved skull and a neck wider than his head, including his ears. He says coming into the ring too slim would be a mistake. He's teasing. He does that a lot, making it easy for reporters to laugh. Call him a fatted calf, call him a freak show, and he chuckles. "I like being me," he says now. "I have gotten rid of all problems like leaves hanging off a tree. If an old man like me can come back from the dead, then that is a victory for mankind."

He trains hard. Former light-heavyweight Archie Moore, the old mongoose, who fought his own last pro fight in 1965 at 52, helps inspire him to do it. Foreman straps himself into a harness and pulls a three-wheeled all-terrain vehicle around while a trainer steers. He jogs behind a flat-bed truck, whacking at a heavy punching bag tied to the back. More impressively, Foreman spars with four partners in succession for 21 consecutive minutes, pushing, slopping that thunderous right hand, crowding,

rusted trucks up on cinder blocks, he built an eight-pew, corrugated-steel church and a youth center. He turned to fighting again to keep both running.

Angelo Dundee, Ali's old trainer, predicts that Foreman will win. "Before, he was a tough guy. Now, he's a sweet individual. So it'll be a good fight. You always gotta have a mean guy and a sweet guy."

The designated mean guy is Holyfield, 6 ft. 2½ in., lean and quick at about 210 lbs. Holyfield doesn't say much. He's a boxer, not a slugger, a patient man. He won the title from Buster Douglas, who took it from Tyson when Tyson was thinking about something else. The new champ has seen the film of Ali dancing, clinching, ducking in Zaire, letting the 25-year-old, 220-lb. Foreman punch himself out. He's no Ali, but he has trained aerobically and anaerobically, as modern fighters do. As he punches, an aide with a computer tallies each jab and uppercut. The computer appears to be well-conditioned, and lightning fast. —Reported by Sally B. Donnelly/Los Angeles, Joseph J. Kane/Marshall and David E. Thigpen/New York

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The Whims of Bicoastal Dining

Restaurateurs who operate in both Los Angeles and New York City discover that differences run deeper than just the menu

By MARTHA DUFFY

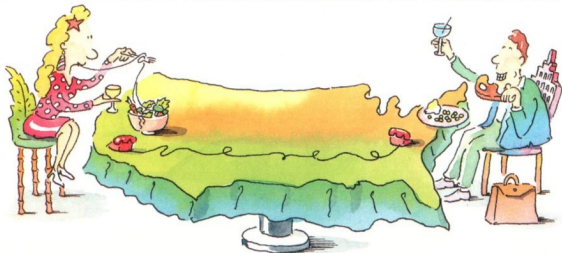
In New York City, they favor classic cuisine. In Los Angeles, it's strictly salad and pasta. They still knock 'em back in Manhattan, but a little wine will do just fine on the West Coast. Perhaps some desert tonight? New Yorkers are roughly 35% more likely than Angelenos to go for goo. They are also more likely to arrive at a restaurant straight from the office, eat, then run to a show or to the suburbs—or back to the office. Such behavior is considered uncivilized in Show-Biz Land, where

insistent. Not only must the food be healthy, the plate must *look* healthy too. "Here it does not matter what you order; what you get is a salad with something in it," says Jivan Tabibian, a partner in the L.A. Remi. "New Yorkers like substance. In Santa Monica, they like fluff—and the fluff is roughage."

New Yorkers have not yet given up on meat. "On the East Coast, we do a lot of barbecue," says Sandi Tang, a partner with her husband in Tommy Tang's, N.Y. and L.A., which serves Thai cuisine. "But on Melrose Avenue, it's rice and noodle dish-

The dynamics of dining vary widely too. Bicoastal restaurateurs tend to describe cultural differences in terms of power vs. status. A New Yorker is happy when he's dining with his best contacts, making deals or refreshing them. If there's a commotion at the next table, he may not even notice. In Los Angeles, says Guzzardo, "when the door opens, every head in the room turns to see who is entering."

Steve Martin caught this yearning for the right table in the right spot in his smart, affectionate movie *L.A. Story*. At one point, his harassed hero has a nightmare in which he is first interrogated about his finances by a restaurant proprietor, then told what entrée he is eligible to order when he finally gets a table at a new mecca called L'Idiot (pronounced French-style, Leed-yo). The film also pinions Michael's, a Santa Monica success that has opened to sro business in New York, especially at lunch, when the



tight schedules are spurned. "How can you eat in the same shirt you have worn all day?" sniffs an urbane Los Angeles diner.

The two metropolises fascinate each other, and none chart the differences more minutely than the hardy group of a dozen or so restaurateurs who operate establishments in both Los Angeles and New York City. "Menus are different, taste buds are different on the two coasts," observes Adam Tihany, a proprietor of the Italian bistro Remi, which serves in midtown Manhattan and Santa Monica. Almost any other method of expansion would be simpler. But some people bitten by the restaurant bug just cannot resist trying to conquer the two towns.

Scratch one of these split-city operatives, and you find a compendium of social customs and byways of manners, as well as menus. Take the matter of health and fitness consciousness. New Yorkers are increasingly aware of sound nutrition, but Angelenos are far more enlightened—and

es, all prepared with olive oil." And the waiter had better be on top of that information. Warns Paul Guzzardo, who runs Bice, a Milanese restaurant that has branches in both cities: "In our Beverly Hills place, people really question and challenge. Is the vinegar balsamic? What is the exact pedigree of the house wine? Is the lettuce organically grown?"

Ever watching calories, Angelenos love to share, a practice considered cheap in New York. A typical L.A. lunch features the inevitable salad, followed by a split portion of pasta (most likely angel hair, a mere filament of carbohydrate that is a California obsession and a chef's nightmare because it overcooks so readily). Orso, a Manhattan theater-district hangout, was determined to follow its pattern of one menu of trattoria-style Italian fare throughout the day and evening when it opened in Beverly Hills two years ago. The plan failed. Too many customers wanted a feather-light lunch.

place is packed with TV-network, record-industry and publishing groups. Michael McCarty was one of the first popularizers of so-called California cuisine: light fare, fancily decorated with greens, greens, greens. On celluloid, as in life, guests can scarcely see one another through the jungle-like foliage.

Once the Californian has checked out his dining strategies, he is far better at relaxing than a Manhattanite. He wants to chum up to his waiter, who must reciprocate if he hopes to prosper. An invitation to come by for a swim is not unusual. A New York waiter is likely to be quieter, sterner and, some say, more professional.

Italian cooking appears to make the bicoastal journey well, as do various Asian cuisines. People watching is great in both towns, but Sandi Tang has a hot tip for the celeb seeker: "Come between 3 and 5 in the afternoon if you want to see rock stars. They probably just got up, and they aren't hassled."

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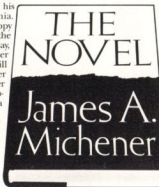
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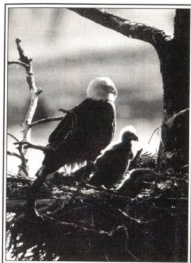
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Cinema

All Stressed Up, No Place to Go

Two films put traveling couples in strange and tantalizing fixes

By RICHARD SCHICKEL

Feeeling a little pressed these days? Bills piling up, recession getting you down? Then you may find it perversely consoling to reflect on the desperate straits of Jake and Tina (John Malkovich and Andie MacDowell) in *The Object of Beauty*.

American Express has just turned his Gold Card into dross, their posh London hotel is pressing them to settle a steadily mounting bill, and the future of his cocoa futures is dim indeed; the beans are rotting on the docks somewhere in South Ameri-

thing to try to fence for a few pounds sterling and toss on a junk heap when he fails.

The film, written and directed by Michael Lindsay-Hogg, may seem schematic in the retelling. But on the screen it is charged with curious ironies and the edgy energy of barely suppressed panic. Its temporarily grounded jet-setters may seem rather remote figures. But in the playing they aren't as sophisticated as they would like to seem; and as they paint themselves deeper and deeper into a corner, one cannot help relating to them. Debt—especially debt run up in pursuit of pleasures beyond one's means—is, after all, one of the central subjects of middle-class life, and also one that movies determinedly avoid. Even if this movie were less nuanced in its pursuit of the forbidden topic, it would be welcome. But dry, clear and finely tuned, *The Object of Beauty* is a treasurable chamber piece.

The Comfort of Strangers also features an unmarried couple, Colin and Mary (Rupert Everett and Natasha Richardson), resident at a hostelry outside their native land and facing up to yet another common middle-class problem. Their setting is Venice; their issue is the joylessness of sex. But the mood, well established by Paul Schrader's direction and Harold Pinter's elliptical screenplay, is one of languid menace. It is personified by Christopher Walken, excellent as Robert, whose psychopathic weirdness simultaneously attracts and repels the couple. And mysteriously energizes them. In his sexuality there is political metaphor. He is an undeclared fascist, hiding the threat of self-destruction under the lure of self-actualization. The movie is full of unsolved mysteries. Why does Robert choose to stalk this pair? What motivates his sadism, which is of both the delicately patient and suddenly violent varieties? Nice questions, which are left to resonate in our minds.

Sometimes its air of doomy portent is stifling. But equally often it turns into a kind of *Creepshow* for grownups, teasing the mind with its enigmas, bedazzling the eye with its imagery. Finally, like its villain, it draws one into a very oddly woven web.



Malkovich and MacDowell as a poor pair in *The Object of Beauty*

American Express has just turned his Gold Card into dross.

ca, the result of a highly inconvenient strike.

Their only resource is a small Henry Moore sculpture, the title's "object of beauty," and it is their prime subject of debate as they whine and dine. She owns it. He needs it. She thinks it would be nice to fake a theft and enter an insurance claim. He is in favor of a forthright sale. While Jake and Tina talk, their hotel maid acts: she makes off with the Moore.

Desperately poor and also disabled (she is deaf and cannot speak), Jenny (Rudi Davies) is the only character in the film who is actually worthy of this exquisitely enigmatic art. For as she finally puts it in a note, it speaks to her, and despite her limitations, she can hear what it is saying. To complete the film's moral balance, she has a brother who is the only figure totally insensate to the value, financial or spiritual, of the sculpture. To him it's just some-

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The Rebel Dreams of Oedipus Max

Like a conspiratorial uncle, the Surrealist speaks anew to the subversiveness of youth

By ROBERT HUGHES

Every artist needs some source of inspiration. Max Ernst, the lyric German subversive who was born 100 years ago, had one that carried him through most of his life. He hated his father, a pious Catholic art teacher who worked in a school for deaf and mute children in a small forest town south of Cologne. Indeed, Ernst wanted to kill Papa and what he thought he represented: the authority of age, religion, the state and the image.

At six, little Oedipus Max, the future Dadaist, had a dream, an obsessive vision: "I see in front of me a panel crudely painted with large black strokes on a red ground, imitating the grain of mahogany... In front of this panel a black and shiny man is making slow, comic and joyously obscene gestures. This strange fellow has the mustache of my father... He smiles and takes out of the pocket of his trousers a large pencil made of some soft material... breathing loudly, he hastily traces some black lines on the panel of false mahogany. He quickly gives it new, surprising and despicable forms."

New, surprising, despicable—not a bad thumbnail note for Ernst's own art, especially as seen by others. We have reason to thank the large soft pencil of the man with the mustache. Ernst was not a great formal artist, not by a very long chalk. But in the 1920s and '30s especially, he was a brilliant maker of images. Their strength and edginess radiate like new in the centenary Ernst exhibit, organized by art historian Werner Spies, which is at London's Tate Gallery this month and moves in mid-May to Stuttgart's Staatsgalerie. Long after the art movements to which Ernst contributed have passed into history, his images continue to detonate in the mind like unexploded land mines left on the old battlefield of modernism. If the young love Dada and Surrealism, and early Ernst in particular, it is because of his healthy desire to murder Papa's culture.

His means for doing so was collage, which means simply "gluing." Ernst cut photos and engravings from magazines, catalogs, albums, marrying things that didn't belong together. Collage was a static relative of film cutting, then in its infancy. Seventy years later, America sees in collage because it grew up spinning the TV

dial. No such fragmentation of images was built into the culture of France or Germany in the 1920s. The relations between image and thing seemed solid. Here was something to overturn, and collage was the lever. Ernst fell on the common vein of reproductory images like a miner discovering a virgin reef.



Ernst slips the viewer into a parallel world whose features are both precise and ineffectually odd. Above, in *Always the Best Man Wins*, 1920, plant personages rear up on the tiny horizon. The fearsome *Fireside Angel*, 1937, was painted as a reaction to Franco's Fascism. Four years later, Ernst fled from France to the U.S.

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Art

Essentially untrained as a painter, he fell in with the German Expressionists in 1910-12 by sheer brightness of character. He knew August Macke, whose ideas about pantheistic nature were to reverberate in Ernst's work right up to its end. Macke was killed in the trenches. Ernst survived the war and emerged from its troglodytic lunacy with a deep hatred of Kaiser and country.

His first collage painting, *Celebes*, 1921, is one of his funniest. It started life as an anthropological photo of an African corn bin. This reminded Ernst of an elephant. Then he saw a swollen human figure in it—a failed behemoth, which he associated with the absurd and nasty king of Alfred Jarry's proto-Surrealist comedy, *Ubu Roi*. Add to that a dirty children's rhyme he remembered from his school days, which in English would have been a limerick; it concerned an elephant in Sumatra that tried to, well, connect with its grandmother. The naked woman in the foreground foreshadows the title of Ernst's great collage-narrative of 1929, *La Femme 100 Têtes*, or *The Hundred-Headless Woman*. She languidly beckons the dumb pachyderm to further erotic fiascos.

The technical question of who "invented" collage fades to unimportance when you look at what Ernst did with it. Some Surrealist collages look as dated as Victorian screens, but his tiny, rigorous visions never do. By making realities collide, he slips you into a parallel world whose features are both precise and infamously odd, where things are not what they seem. Ernst loved images that enumerated: things: mechanical and scientific drawing, illustrations from 1900 boulevardier magazines, old catalogs. Their factual neutrality made their paradoxes weirder. Sometimes this serves mainly lyrical ends, as in the Klee-like plant-personages that rear up on the tiny horizon of *Always the Best Man Wins*, 1920. And sometimes it discloses an erotic fury, as Dionsysiac madness bursting the collar studs and corsets of life, as in the collage-narrative *The Dream of a Little Girl Who Wanted to Become a Nun*, 1929-30. In a secular age with its "therapeutic" religions, we find it hard to imagine the power of blasphemy to the Surrealists. All the same, Ernst came up with the funniest antireligious joke in modern art—the famous (and, alas, rarely seen) parody of a Renaissance Madonna, in which Mary is whaling Jesus on his bare bottom before a trio of witnesses, André Breton, Paul Eluard and Ernst himself.

Ernst's work was continuously open to chance. The arresting drawings of his 1925 *Natural History* were made by laying sheets of paper on the wooden floor of his hotel room in a French seaside town and going over them with the (paternal?) soft pencil; the resulting images, altered and edited, received the name frottages, or rubbings. The name of the town, by an exquisite coincidence, was Pornic.

His desire to freeze accident remained with Ernst until the end of his life. After he escaped from Europe to America in 1941—his ticket was paid by Peggy Guggenheim, who was sexually obsessed by Ernst—he lived for some years in Arizona, whose vast skies and mesas repeated the vi-



The artist with a chess set he designed in the 1950s

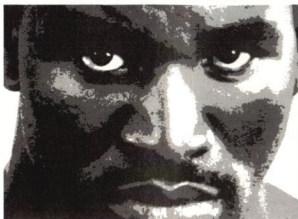
He had a healthy desire to murder Papa's culture.

sions inscribed in certain Ernsts of the '30s like *The Petrified City*. There he made paintings by swinging a can with a hole in it over a canvas; these rhythmical dribbles were seen by Jackson Pollock.

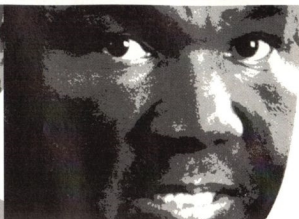
You cannot make as strong a case for the late as for the early Ernst. Some of the sculpture of his post-1939 years was remarkable—especially the big totemic *Capricorn*, 1948—but his apocalyptic paintings, like the vision of creepy, fungal disaster recorded in *Europe After the Rain*, 1940-42, look like sci-fi cliché. By the '50s he was thinking illustratively rather than pictorially. To some extent he always had, but now the visions were more diffuse, and the paintings of his last decade (he died in 1976) are feebly hermetic. No matter. He was always a painter for the young: his own youth speaks to that of others. Each generation discovers him for itself, finding its instincts of rebellion confirmed by him, as by a deliciously conspiratorial uncle. The last Ernst retrospective was in 1979. There ought to be one every 15 years or so, as a public service, like vaccination.

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Theater

Memories of a World on Fire

MISS SAIGON Music by Claude-Michel Schönberg
Lyrics by Richard Maltby Jr. and Alain Boublil

By WILLIAM A. HENRY III

If spectators can clear their minds of the hoopla about the record \$37 million advance sales, the \$10 million production cost, the \$100 top ticket price, the ethnic controversies over stereotypes and casting, and the residual political furor over the Vietnam War—in other words, of all the things that make *Miss Saigon* an event rather than simply an entertainment—they may find that the musical that opened on Broadway last week is a cracking good show. It blends a love story and a spectacle with tragic social commentary about what the West symbolizes to the Third World, which is not peace and freedom so much as money and security. The plot is the sad, simple story of a soldier and a peasant woman, flung together and pulled apart by twists of fate. The stage mechanics feature that famous (or infamous) last helicopter taking off from the U.S. embassy in 1975, leaving loyal Vietnamese servants behind, and a panoply of Saigon clubs and Bangkok hooker bars, all nighties and neon. But the themes could not be bigger: geopolitical rescue missions that turn into fiascos, whole peoples' opportunities being thwarted through accidents of birth, the sheer randomness of how riches are distributed on this planet.

The blasted hopes of Kim, a country maiden turned bar girl turned bride-to-be turned stateless refugee, are a paradigm for all the promises that Western powers made but failed to keep in Vietnam and other colonies. Her yearning is echoed comically and tragically in her sometime pimp, a Eurasian hustler called the Engineer, whose vision of the U.S. is a pathetic pop mish-mash of the Statue of Liberty, big white Cadillacs and Fred Astaire, but whose one certainty is that he was born to live the American Dream—a hope he will never fulfill. The propulsive narrative works at all times as both romantic melodrama and astringent



Third World yearning for the American Dream: Pryce envisions streets paved with gold

metaphor. If neither as sprawling nor as thrilling as *Les Misérables*, the previous musical from French creators Alain Boublil and Claude-Michel Schönberg, the new show is vastly more relevant and thought provoking.

When *Miss Saigon* opened in London in 1989, it had two stars, Lea Salonga as Kim and Jonathan Pryce as the Engineer. The Broadway production has three. Pryce and Salonga are repeating (indeed, enhancing) their West End triumphs. She is incandescently in command of the stage; he still gets the sardonic laughs owed to his Dickensian lampoon of a conniver, yet has transmuted him into a full-blown tragic figure, a victim of global politics all the sadder for being so streetwise. They are joined in the spotlight by Willy Falk in the role of Kim's G.I. lover, Chris, a part that was a cipher in London. Falk finds charm, erotic fervor and moral confusion in a man who serves as a metaphor for the U.S.'s blundering good intentions at playing global policeman. Salonga used to have to carry alone the idea that this was a doomed love worthy of Romeo and Juliet, not just a one-night stand that got out of hand. Now the bedroom scenes smolder—then ignite so brightly that Kim's faithful years-long wait for reunion and Chris' tormented dreams do not seem like self-delusory claptrap.

The problem with having Chris more ably played is that his contradictions become apparent. He wants to whore around in Saigon, he wants to readopt the bourgeois values of home; he wants to marry Kim, he recoils at the thought; he wants to reunite with her, he wants to forget; he wants to raise the son they conceived, he wants to send support checks from 10,000 miles away. How can a man so weak-willed be worthy of a woman of such iron strength, one who braves seas, sharks, pirates and a thousand other perils to seek her lost love and save their son?

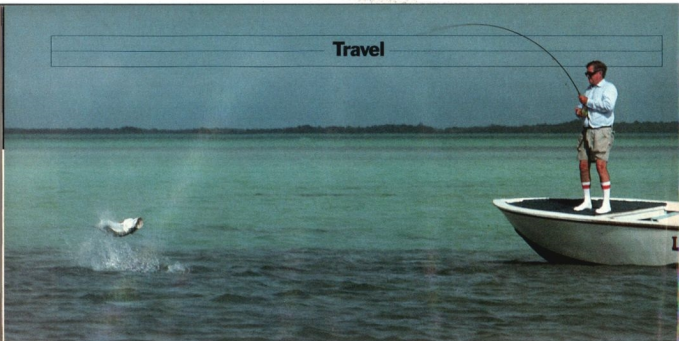
Falk's daunting task is made worse by the ineptitude of Liz Callaway, a fine singer but no actress, as the American woman Chris marries after he believes Kim is lost to him forever. At a critics' preview last week, several people laughed out loud at her just when tension should have been mounting. The other problem is Thuy, Kim's cousin and her betrothed from her village days. In London he was a scary communist zealot. Now Barry K. Bernal makes him an expedient turncoat whose only zeal is for Kim—a dull, soap-opera diminution.

Director Nicholas Hytner, in reshaping his London staging to the much smaller Broadway space, made some numbers more intimate but merely cramped others. And even more than in the original version, the show sorely lacks the cinematic fluidity of *Les Misérables* or *The Phantom of the Opera*. But Hytner has triumphed at the end, making what used to be an unbearably depressing suicide mercifully less graphic. With set designer John Napier, he has found a less realistic, more suggestive look that better serves the metaphorical layers of this most ambitious musical—yet is entirely congenial to that helicopter. ■



Salonga: mother wit

Travel



Like cutting mahogany: after struggling for more than an hour, the writer ends up with a modest fish and a sore arm

WILLIAM CAMPBELL FOR TIME



Blissing Out in Balmy Belize

Pyramids and coral reefs beckon, but the chief attraction of this angler's paradise is stalking the wily tarpon with fly rod and reel

By **ROBERT HUGHES** SAN PEDRO

Belize, formerly British Honduras, enjoys the distinction of being the most obscure country in Latin America. It is tiny: a nibble between the borders of Mexico to the north, Honduras to the south and Guatemala to the west. In the 16th and 17th centuries it was the haunt of Spanish *bucaneros* and English slavers, of logwood cutters and warm-sea ruffraff. In 1981 it achieved independence, and today it is the last fragment of the British Commonwealth on Central American soil, the smallest sovereign state on the whole continent (pop. about 200,000) and politically the least eventful.

Belize has rain forest, jaguars, waterfalls, toucans and, after Australia's, the largest coral barrier reef in the world. It was also one of the great centers of Mayan civilization. Ruins—still largely unrestored, insufficiently studied and besieged by tomb robbers—dot the lowland forests: the pyramids of Xunantunich and Altun Ha and the vast complex of Caracol, which in the 6th to 7th centuries was the rival

of Tikal, across the Guatemalan border.

For fishermen, Belize is a paradise and always has been. Its big holiday, after Christmas, is Baron Bliss Day on March 9. The festival commemorates an eccentric English nobleman who went there for the fishing, died in 1926 on his yacht in Belize harbor and left a part of his fortune to the colony—a grateful sportsman if ever there was one. But in its obscurity, Belize gets only 1% of the tourist traffic to Central America, although word about it has begun to get out.

Nobody wants to stay in Belize City, which every guidebook dismisses as a noisy dump full of intrusive hustlers. Instead, one heads for the outer islands, such as the Turneffe Islands, that are geared up for sporting tourism, mainly scuba diving, snorkeling and line fishing; or a small plane whisks you north to San Pedro on Ambergris Cay, a thin digit of land that protrudes south from the Mexican border. To the east is the barrier reef, which runs parallel to the coast, less than a mile offshore. To the west are mangroves and shallow flats, and then the low featureless Mosquito Coast. San

Pedro, in between, is a pleasant town of ramshackle wooden buildings on stilts or cinder blocks, with a few new condos.

It is supremely laid back here. The aggression level is zero; nobody bothers you. The favorite late-night game in San Pedro is called Chicken Drop: Mother Nature's own organic form of roulette. A pit is marked out in 100 numbered squares, 10 by 10. One bets on the numbers. The croupier takes a live chicken by the legs, blows sharply up its behind and throws it into the ring. The first number the chicken defecates on wins. The winning number takes all. It will be a while before the Mob moves in on Belizean gambling.

Mainly, you fish.

It is probably impossible to go fishing in Belize and not catch something. If you don't care what, hire a skiff and go trolling off the reef with a heavy spinning rod and deep-running lure. That will produce anything from an overambitious triggerfish (beautiful colors but sluggish: let it go) to a large black snapper or a larger wahoo. Or, if you are unlucky, an enormous barracuda. The latter will either break your lead-



Just across the Guatemalan border, Tikal's magnificent, moldering structures were once the rival of Mayan Caracol

WILLIAM CAMPBELL FOR TIME

er in the water or do its best to bite your foot off if you get it in the boat.

This kind of fishing is fun but coarse. You have to make things difficult for yourself. The next step up is to go after bonefish with a fly rod. Bones here are small, no more than 3 lbs., but they are sizzlers on light tackle.

Or you can try a fly on the tarpon flats.

The right base for such ventures is a handsome and well-run lodge on Ambergris Cay called El Pescador, which has all the best guides—and a welcoming committee of two ospreys that have built their nest above its pier and greet the arriving angler with shrill wheep-wheep-wheeps of alarm. El Pescador was built by a German, Juergen Krueger, and his Wisconsin-born wife. They started it about 18 years ago, when no sober carpenter could be hired on the cay. Much of the work, from laying cinder blocks to routing the panels in the heavy mahogany doors, was done by visiting Menonites. The lodge is friendly, unpretentious and full of tropical *Gemütlichkeit*. Its barracuda sevice and fried grouper are delicious.

The flats between Ambergris Cay and the mainland of Belize are one of the wonders of the fishing world. They extend for miles: a limestone plain covered by a blue-green, seemingly endless mirror of gin-clear salt water, traversed by blue channels and punctuated by small mangrove islands. This is the home of *Megalops atlanticus*, the tarpon.

Essentially, tarpon are huge archaic herring. In Florida they regularly grow to 150 lbs. (the world record on fly is 188 lbs.), but in Belize they are smaller, up to about 100 lbs. They are beautiful creatures, sheathed in scales the size of silver dollars, glittering, pugnacious, spooky and inedible:

the only thing you can do with a tarpon, in the unlikely event that you catch it, is let it go. But as a rule you have no choice about letting a tarpon go. It just goes.

This is probably the only kind of fly-rod fishing that causes more distress in the angler than in the fish. No other angling contains such extremes of frustration and exhilaration. One hears middle-aged enthusiasts declare it to be "better than sex." Perhaps not, but the two activities have something in common: the first try is an embarrassment; everything goes wrong. With tarpon, however, it keeps going wrong.

The ideal day for flat fishing is cloudless, calm and roasting hot. The guide poles the skiff along the flats in a predatory silence, and you stand on the bow platform, with line stripped out, sweating through the sunblock lotion, ready to cast. Tarpon fishing is stalking. You must see the fish and cast to it. Hence its peculiar excitement, which far exceeds trout or even salmon fishing. "Look, look, out there, about a hundred feet, in the white spot, a big one, he's coming, ooh, three of them!" You peer and scan and peer again, and see nothing. Then you do: a dark gray bar under the green ripples, ghosting along.

What the guide expects you to do is shoot the line out 60 ft. or 70 ft., drop the fly (a vulgar tuft of feathers and Mylar) some 5 ft. in front of the tarpon's snout and start stripping it in. The fish will then charge the fly, you will strike, and it's showtime! So much for utopia.

This being the real world, one of several things will happen. Flustered by the sight of the fish, which is so much larger than anything you imagined catching on a fly be-

fore, you bungle your cast and land the line in a tangled hurrah's nest far short of the fish, which glides away. Or you drop the fly on its nose, so that it spooks and heads for Cozumel. Or you get it right, and the fish takes no notice. Or the creature inhales the fly and takes off like a drag racer, at which point you find you were standing on a loop of the fly line, and it is knotted around your ankle.

But, at last, when you have run out of spare leaders and foul language and are cooked by the sun, you hook one. The sight is amazing. The fish looks, a friend of mine said after striking his first one, like a silver man rising straight out of the water: an apparition.

Now your troubles have only started. Tarpon are inordinately strong. To subdue a big one on a one-hand, 10-weight fly rod takes an hour and a half and teaches you what a sore arm can be. It is like cutting mahogany, but with the additional likelihood that the tree will escape. The tarpon has a mouth like a cinder block, in which the hook seldom holds; generally, only one fish is brought to boat for every 10 that are hooked.

While other anglers lie about the size of their fish, tarponers lie about the number of minutes they had it on before it threw the hook. The fish makes long reel-burning runs, and jumps repeatedly, a thick column of mercury twisting in the spray. It lands with a smacking splash that can be heard a mile away. "Bow to the fish!" cries the guide, wanting you to drop your rod tip. Bow? You feel like prostrating yourself. And then it is gone. In five days I saw perhaps 150 fish, hooked four and boated one—25 lbs., a mere minnow.

No matter. The 90-pounds will still be there next year. ■

Essay

Pico Iyer

Are Men Really So Bad?

Everyone knows, more than they would like perhaps, about the nature, the publishing history and the unspeakable horrors of Bret Easton Ellis' new novel, *American Psycho*. However broadly it seeks to indict, in indelible, blood-red ink, the excesses and depravities of the degenerate '80s, the book has certainly raised a threshold of taste, or psychic pain, much higher than most readers would like (much as the smash movie *The Silence of the Lambs* exposes even toddlers to a level of psychological violence that would have been unthinkable—or at least less powerful—some years ago). A protagonist who eats, tortures and dismembers victims is clearly assaulting all that we hold sacred. And it is painfully easy to see the damage such a book can do to the way in which men see, and therefore treat, women.

But what of the way the book treats men, and affects our notion of them? Insofar as Ellis has deliberately created a monstrous deformity, it is nonetheless striking that the monster is male, and preys mostly on women; and insofar as he intends a closer identification with his creation, the author himself is implicated in the guilt. In either case, the culprit is a male, and the novel is unlikely to endear the unfairer sex to a nation that is already all too conscious of the harm men can do.

Ellis' plot line is, of course, true to criminal statistics, and to our intuitive sense that terrible physical violence is all too often perpetrated by men on women. But it is very much to be hoped that the outrage would be no less if Ellis' monster had been a woman, or more of its victims men (the offense, in other words, lies not in the object of the sentences but in the sentences themselves).

Consider, for example, another just published novel, by another highly touted young writer, which, if it gets less exposure than Ellis', will probably win more praise: *Two Girls, Fat and Thin*, by Mary Gaitskill. And consider for a moment how the novel looks at men. The first of the eponymous girls is repeatedly—and graphically—abused sexually by her father (who, when not molesting her, pushes her down the stairs and calls her "an argument for abortion"); the other girl is abused, also graphically, at the age of five by a male friend of her father's. The boys at the local high school are "murderously aggressive" and have "monstrous voices"; the nicest of them is blessed with "a morbidly cruel personality" and "seemed happiest when torturing small animals by himself."

The thin girl's first lover is a boy with "cruel lips" who plays a rapist in the school play and more or less carries that role over to real life; her most attractive lover is "an abusive mental case" whose eyes "glitter with the adrenal malice of a sex criminal." Everywhere one looks there are repulsive men, "fat creatures mostly, baked pink and bearded, their self-satisfaction and arrogance expressed in their wide, saggy-bottomed hips." Meanwhile, in the background, we see a constant procession of "abusive lovers," porn collectors and groping, "gloating" lechers. The only faintly appealing male in 304 pages—his name is Knight—ran away from home "to escape

an alcoholic father" and gently betrays his fiancé. Small wonder, then, that at novel's end, one girl concludes that most men are "really awful" and the other rails against "the chemical and hormonal forces that goad that sex to kill, rape and commit crimes of horrific sadism." The men in Gaitskill's first book are, if anything, even worse.

All this is fair enough, perhaps, and true to the way life may seem to many contemporary young women. It could be said that women do not fare much better in Gaitskill's world, and that this view of men reflects in part the distorted vision of two neurotic girls (though if so, Gaitskill suggests, that is because of the ill treatment they have suffered at the hands of men). It could even be argued that this is how

women apprehend a world largely fashioned by the likes of Bret Easton Ellis. Yet to say this is to draw dangerously close to the case for *American Psycho*: by revealing disgusting attitudes, it reveals its disgust for such attitudes. And just imagine, for a moment, that the pronouns were reversed, and that every woman in a long and serious novel was treated as oppressive: Would there not be an uproar? And is Gaitskill's form of emotional violence really much better than the more viscerally appalling kind?

None of this, of course, is to deny or defend the abuse of women in much male fiction; nor is it to make the perverse point that a man mistreating women is simply giving a bad name to men. It is, rather, to suggest that sometimes, for whatever reasons, the violence flows in the other direction too, and in ways no less insidious for being less conspicuous.

Meryl Streep and others have rightly complained that all the best roles in movies go to men; but a medium that takes Schwarzenegger and Stallone as its heroes is not being so kind to men either. The two hottest box-office movies not so long ago—*The Silence of the Lambs* and *Sleeping with the Enemy*—both portrayed men as psychopaths and bullies taking out their sicknesses on plucky, intelligent women; such critical favorites as *GoodFellas* and the *Godfather* trilogy merely replace monsters with mobsters. If Hollywood still too often treats women as bimbos and hookers, it is apt to see men as homicidal maniacs; the sad truth of it may be that all of us—in our culture's imagination—are diminished as often as uplifted.

Again, this is not to exonerate Ellis; it is only to say that the interaction of the sexes, like everything else, can only be demeaned if it is caricatured as a contest of black against white. And in our justifiable sensitivity to certain kinds of violence, we may blind ourselves to others. As it is, students are being taught in school that "patriarchal" is the worst kind of insult, and misogynists must be sought out everywhere. But what is the term for misogyny in reverse? It sometimes seems that we would rectify a long history of violence against women by simply engaging in violence against everyone: equal-opportunity abuse. And that we would seek to replace one kind of double standard with another. Might it not be better to try to raise our vision of both parties?



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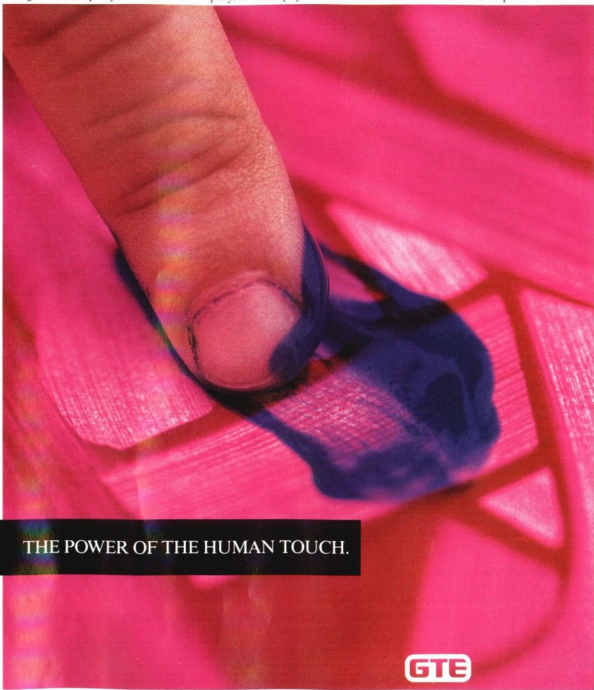
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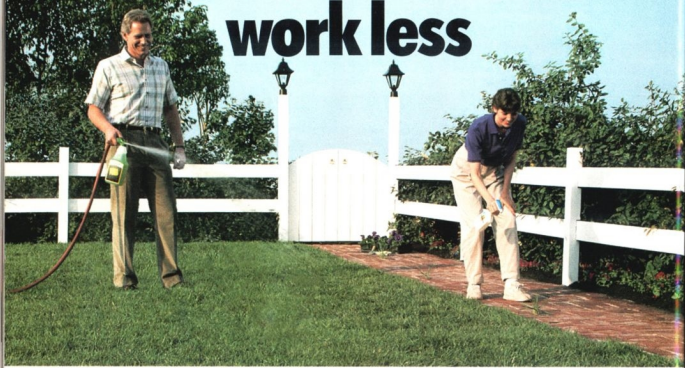


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